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## PARTY TACTICS AND MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

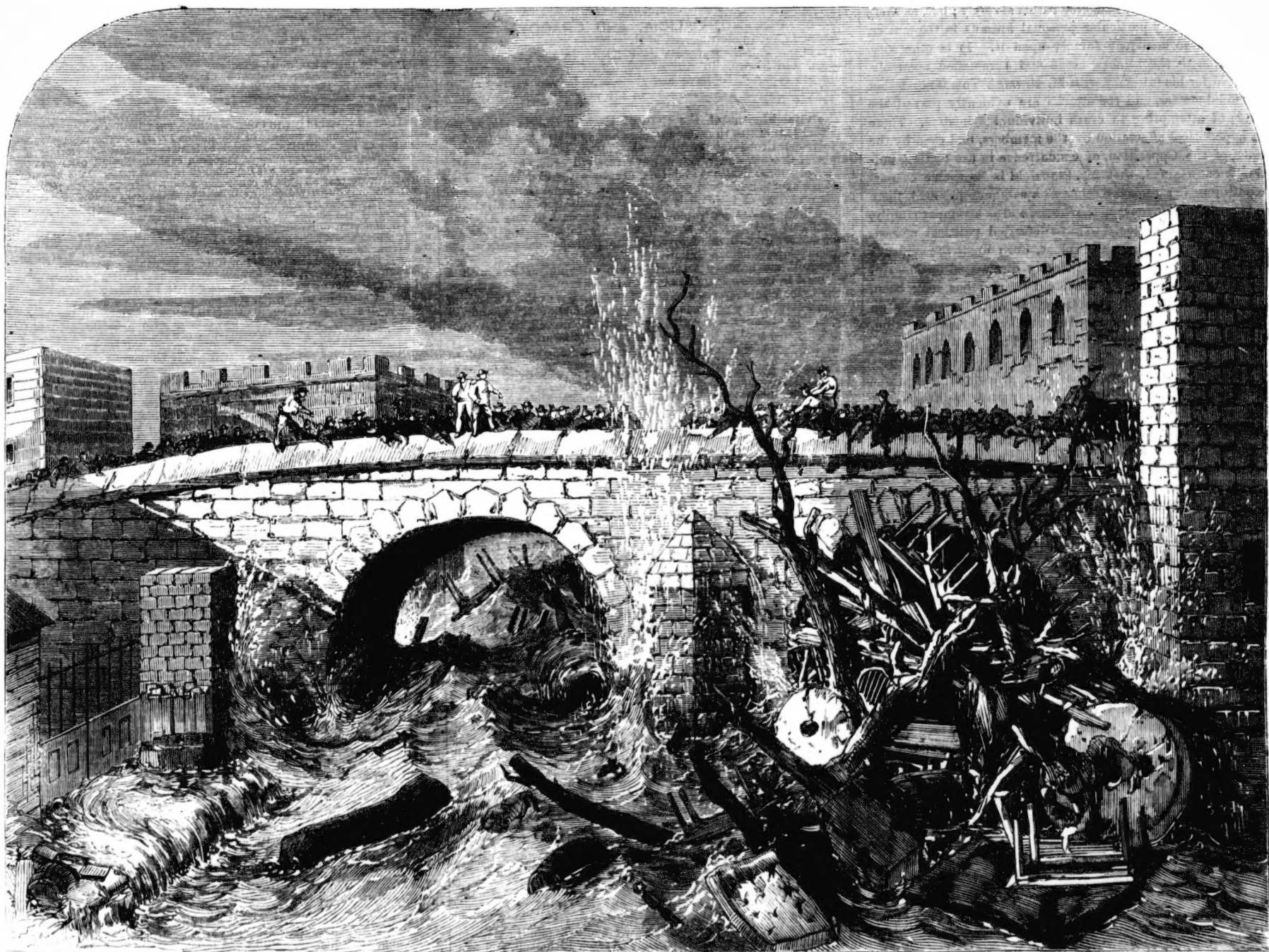
FULL and free discussion of the conduct of public men, and especially of Ministers, is one of the most valuable functions of Parliament and the press. But that discussion should be fair, as well as free and full. Englishmen do not usually deem it fair to attack an absent man; we like to have an opponent before us when we criticise his conduct. That condition, however, must necessarily be qualified by the reasons which cause the absence of the party criticised. It would be absurd to say that the management of our Foreign Relations, of the affairs of the Colonies, of the War Office, and of the Admiralty ought not to be canvassed in the Lower House of Parliament because the heads of these several departments happen just now to be Peers, and cannot therefore directly defend themselves. It may be the privilege or the misfortune of a Minister to be a Peer, but the fact that he is so cannot exempt his conduct from fair criticism in the Commons' House of Parliament. But in applying this rule of full and free discussion we must be careful to observe two things—firstly, that we confine ourselves to a fair criticism of the Minister's public conduct, and do not indulge in mere personal attacks; and, secondly, that in canvassing the course pursued by an individual Minister we do not lose sight of the joint responsibility of the whole Cabinet for the acts of its several members. To

commit the one error is to lower the dignity of Parliament, and to impair, if not destroy, the usefulness of its supervision of public servants; and to fall into the other is to give an opportunity to a Government to escape the consequences of a blundering policy by sacrificing an obnoxious colleague. Both faults are equally dangerous to the public interests, and should be carefully avoided. While we hold each individual Minister responsible for the management of his special department; let us not relinquish our right to make the whole Cabinet answerable for the general good conduct of public affairs.

We have been led to make these remarks from having observed of late a growing disposition on the part of her Majesty's Opposition, in the hopelessness of any effort to upset the Palmerston Cabinet as a whole, to single out individual Ministers, to endeavour to separate them from their colleagues, and to crush them by continued and repeated attacks. To divide and conquer may be a very convenient tactic for party purposes; but it can scarcely redound to the advantage of the public, and is therefore to be condemned. In the early days of Lord Palmerston's present Administration, a special stand was taken to strike at the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the arrows aimed at him generally glanced. The right hon. gentleman proved himself a dangerous opponent; he generally gave as good, or better,

than he got. His measures, moreover, were decidedly popular with the great bulk of the people. And so the attempt to crush Mr. Gladstone failed, and the special attacks upon him were in a great measure discontinued.

Earl Russell next became the special butt of the Opposition, both in and out of Parliament. His policy was often condemned before it was known; his despatches were adversely criticised before they were read; he had particular weaknesses imputed to him, and then was condemned for yielding to them; if he was too busy, it was a fault; and if he did nothing, it was a fault. And, moreover, every blunder, real or imaginary, connected with the management of our foreign relations, was laid to his sole individual charge, his colleagues being specially exempted from any participation therein. Persistence in this course—commenced in Parliament, echoed by the Conservative journals, and even joined in by the comic publications—has produced a considerable effect, and made the noble Lord rather unpopular with a certain portion of the public. Now, all this, we think, was scarcely fair. Earl Russell may be mainly responsible for the manner of his despatches—and on that point we have more than once expressed our opinion; but, for their matter and the general policy pursued, the whole Cabinet is answerable. In foreign affairs, more, perhaps, than in any other department of Government, it is necessary to hold to the joint



THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD: SCENE AT LADY'S BRIDGE ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH INST.—SEE PAGE 183.



responsibility of the Cabinet, for little, if anything, of moment is ever done by the Foreign Secretary without the concurrence of his colleagues; and this rule Earl Russell is, less than any other Minister, likely to transgress, seeing that he himself dismissed his present chief from the Foreign Office for acting on his own responsibility in acknowledging the Emperor of the French. The species of attack against Earl Russell which we have been commenting on was brought to a climax by Mr. Roebuck on Monday night, when, in a speech sprinkled with compliments to the Premier, the member for Sheffield attempted to fasten upon the Foreign Secretary the sole responsibility of the course the Government has followed in dealing with the affairs of America, of Poland, and of Denmark. The attempt, however, was signally foiled by the manly and generous conduct of Lord Palmerston, whose remarks we here quote in full:—

My hon. and learned friend has been kind enough to pay me some compliments; but I beg to say I can accept of no one's compliments at the expense of a colleague. My hon. and learned friend ought to know that it is vain to endeavour to single out one member of a Cabinet, to hold him up to public obloquy, and to make amends for that by compliments and praise to the Government at large. My noble friend at the head of the Foreign Office is no doubt the organ of the Government in all its communications, and with regard to all its relations, with Foreign Powers; but my noble friend at the head of the Foreign Office takes no step except in concert with his colleagues, and I must declare to the hon. and learned gentleman, who has endeavoured to separate me from my noble friend at the head of the Foreign Office, that I am equally responsible with him for every step he has taken in the conduct of every negotiation which seems, unhappily, to have excited feelings of humiliation in the mind of my hon. and learned friend—a feeling which, I believe, is not shared by the people of this country—a feeling which, I am confident, will not be shared by any man of impartial mind who shall look with attention to the different steps which have been taken in all those great transactions to which allusion has been made. Sir, once for all, I beg distinctly and positively to state that those who attempt to separate my noble friend from his colleagues will fail in their endeavours and betray an ignorance of the principles and practice of the Governments of this country. Be it henceforth known, and I beg my declaration may be recorded and borne in mind, that we are all, and I am especially, equally responsible with my noble friend for every step he has taken in this matter.

This declaration, we think, should put an end to the attempt to isolate the Foreign Secretary from his colleagues and to crush him in his isolation. The policy pursued by the Government may be a good or it may be a bad policy; but it is the policy of the whole Government, not of Earl Russell alone, and as such must be discussed and judged. We are not now considering the merits of the Government policy; we are only insisting on fairness of criticism, and contending for the valuable constitutional principle that for the doings of each member of the Cabinet—and especially of the Foreign Secretary—the whole Administration is responsible, a principle which, we think, was in danger of being lost sight of or abandoned in order to serve mere party purposes.

Earl Russell's subordinate at the Foreign Office, Mr. Layard, is occasionally badgered rather severely; but, as there does not seem any particular personal animus in the matter, we forbear to comment further upon it. It is otherwise, however, with the attacks made and threatened upon Mr. Stansfeld for his intimacy with M. Mazzini. This is altogether a personal matter, and the attacks are evidently part of the system of attempting to crush individual Ministers. There is a hypocritical affectation by the members, and even by the leader, of the Opposition, of concurrence in the feeling, universally entertained, that Mr. Stansfeld is incapable of participating in so atrocious a crime as assassination. Still, there is a persistent recurrence to the theme, and an attempt to imply, because Mazzini is alleged to have defended political assassinations (which is by no means clear, even upon the evidence adduced to prove it, and is distinctly disclaimed by Mazzini himself), and because Mr. Stansfeld is, and has long been, intimate with Mazzini, that therefore Mr. Stansfeld is an advocate, or at least an abettor of the advocacy, of assassination. All this is exceedingly disingenuous and unjust, and is, moreover, persisted in in the face of indignant denials, and notwithstanding that the documents upon which the charge was originally based are declared to be forgeries by the person whose name they pretend to bear, and that no authentication of them has ever been attempted. Mr. Stansfeld, perhaps, ought to have gone a little more into particulars in his denial of all knowledge of any of the parties alleged to be concerned in the Greco plot, and there may be facts, perfectly innocent in themselves, which have been perverted so as to give a colour to the imputation cast upon both the Englishman and the Italian. But the positive and emphatic repudiation given by each to the charge attempted to be fastened upon him ought to have satisfied all reasonable men; and that repudiation would have been sufficient, so far as Mr. Stansfeld, at least, is concerned, had there not been party purposes to serve, and party objects to accomplish, by damaging him, and through him the Government, in public estimation.

We doubt not that this ungenerous attempt to ruin a young and useful statesman will as signally fail as similar efforts to injure Mr. Gladstone and Earl Russell have hitherto done. Free and full discussion of the conduct of public men is, we repeat, a right and duty in Parliament and the press; but let us have that discussion conducted in a fair and generous manner, and no honest man will have reason to shrink from it. Above all, let not important public interests be sacrificed in order to serve party purposes and gratify party spleen.

**DEATHS FROM CRINOLINE.**—Two more frightful accidents have been occasioned by the use of crinoline. At Hackney-wick a young lady, only recently married, approached too near the fire, and in a moment she was in a blaze. She had removed her dress and a portion of her inner clothing, but was standing encompassed by two huge crinolines. Immured in this double cage of fire, she was cut off from all hope, and soon died in the greatest agony. At Carlisle a young lady was caught in the wheels of a machine, and mangled in the most shocking manner.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

The Dano-German dispute, and the position of England in connection with it, still forms the main topic of the Paris papers. Among the numerous speculations they indulge in, the only one worth notice is the report that the King of the Belgians, at present in London, is engaged in arranging a mediation between the contending Powers. It is said that his Majesty has accepted the office of mediator, and that he will be joined by Prince John of Glücksburg, Earl Russell, and the Ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Sweden.

The French Government has just resorted to one of those strong and tyrannical measures which in nine cases out of ten accomplish the success of that which they were intended to frustrate. While a few friends of M. Garnier Pages, who is one of the candidates at the forthcoming elections for Paris, were discussing in that gentleman's private residence the prospects of his success, the house was invaded by two commissaries of police, and all those present commanded to turn out. Whatever were the chances of M. Garnier Pages before this violation of his domicile, it is believed that the Parisians will now return him by a large majority. In reference to this affair, the *Moniteur* of Wednesday says:—

For several days past public meetings have been held in the popular quarters of Paris, under pretext of canvassing for the elections, at which the Government was violently attacked. The meetings have been dissolved, and a judicial investigation has been instituted. No public meeting can take place without authorisation, and the Government will continue to make the law respected.

### ITALY.

There are rumours of an approaching change in the Italian Cabinet which would introduce Baron Ricasoli, Signor Ratazzi, and General La Marmora; General Cialdini to have the command-in-chief of the forces. The combination of Ratazzi and Ricasoli seems a very unlikely arrangement. Ricasoli dislikes the French alliance, and is disliked by the French Government. Ratazzi is devoted to France, and is believed to be an especial favourite of the French Emperor.

The conflicts between the French and the Papal troops appear to have broken out in Rome afresh. They were, however, put down this time more promptly than in the previous instance, and detachments of soldiers now patrol the streets to preserve order. The health of the Pope, who had been suffering from fever, is stated to be improving. His physicians have insisted upon his avoiding all fatigue and keeping perfectly quiet.

The brigand chiefs, Cipriano, Giona, and Lazalo, have been condemned to death; Papa to hard labour for life; and Davango to hard labour for twenty years. The brigand Minco Manca has been killed by the National Guard of Avigliano, and his band has been destroyed.

### NORWAY.

The Norwegian Storting was opened at Christiania on Tuesday. The King, in his speech from the throne, announced that a bill would be laid before the Chambers granting an extraordinary credit of a million and a half of rixdallars to the Government, in order to enable it to give active aid to Denmark in certain emergencies.

### PRUSSIA.

A telegram from Berlin states that the Prussian Government has contracted a loan of 6,000,000 thalers (somewhat less than a million sterling) with the Royal Bank and two other houses. This loan, it is stated, the Chambers had previously voted for the construction of railways.

### BAVARIA.

The new King of Bavaria summoned his Council of State on Friday week and took the Constitutional oaths. He delivered an address to the Council, in which he promised that he would govern in accordance with the Constitution and be inspired solely by a desire for the good of the country. The young King adheres to the policy of his father on the Danish question, which was to give full effect to the claims of the Diet in regard to Holstein and Schleswig.

### POLAND, GALICIA, AND CRACOW.

Accounts have been received in Breslau of some important movements of the Polish insurgents near Kielce, in the government of Radom, and likewise in Augustow. In the former district the Poles are reported to have had some considerable successes. A band of insurgents has been seen in the neighbourhood of Warsaw itself.

The establishment of the state of siege in Galicia allows the Austrian authorities to make searches and to seize arms destined to be introduced into the kingdom of Poland. The chanceries of Lemberg, Cracow, and Warsaw have received orders to constantly exchange communications and to mutually assist each other. Five Austrian agents have been sent to Warsaw to assist General Treppoff in the discovery of the Polish national organisation, and M. Osten-Sacken has, on his part, placed at the disposal of the Austrian Government five Russian agents, who are to assist the police of Lemberg and Cracow in discovering the principal delegates of the National Government in Galicia.

The Austrian military authorities are carrying matters with a high hand in Cracow as well as in Galicia. On the 5th inst. the editors of the Cracow papers were summoned to the office of the Director of Police, where, in the presence of the captain of the garrison and the commissary of police, a rescript from Count Mensdorff, the Governor of Galicia, was read to them. It was to the following effect:—

1st. It is forbidden to make any remarks, whether original or quoted, on the state of siege. 2nd. It is forbidden to publish news relating to revisions, arrests, or the movement of troops in any portion of the empire. 3rd. All criticism or representations in an unfavourable light of the conduct of the Russian authorities in Congress Poland is forbidden. 4th. Accounts of engagements in Poland are only to be given in the Russian official reports. 5th. Only authentic news may be published.

The editors also received a first warning, on the ground that they had not acted in accordance with the above directions.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Our intelligence from New York, which is to the 3rd inst., shows that the spring campaign had been opened in various quarters, but not with much success to the Federal arms. General Sherman had been obliged to return to Vicksburg without effecting the object of his advance into Alabama, and an advance made by General Thomas upon Dalton and Atlanta had been checked by General Joseph Johnston, with a loss, it was reported, of upwards of 1000 men. A Federal cavalry expedition which left Memphis early in February to co-operate with Sherman had been defeated in a series of small engagements in Mississippi and driven back to Memphis. The Confederates captured three cannon and many prisoners.

Details of the late battle in Florida show that the result had been a serious disaster to the Federals. The battle commenced at two p.m., on the 20th ult., and lasted until seven p.m. The Federal loss was 1200 killed and wounded. Hamilton's battery, of five cannon, eighty-eight men, and eighty horses, lost in twenty minutes forty-four men, forty horses, and two pieces. The loss to other Federal divisions was proportionately great. The Federals retreated in their shattered condition to Jacksonville, closely pursued by the Confederates. It was considered highly probable they must re-embark on board their transports and return to Hilton Head. General Seymour, who commanded the expedition, had been placed under arrest by General Gilmore. In the Senate, on the 2nd inst., Mr. Thompson, of Maryland, threw the whole blame of the Florida disaster upon Mr. Lincoln, who had ordered it without consultation with the Ministers, to forward electioneering purposes of his own.

On Saturday, the 27th ult., General Custer, with 1500 men, made a demonstration upon the Confederate left at Charlottesville, Virginia, while Kilpatrick, with a much larger force, crossed the Rapidan at Germania and Ely's Forde. Custer found the Confederates in force, and was compelled to retreat precipitately, narrowly escaping capture. Kilpatrick made a raid in General Lee's rear, but had found it impossible to reach Richmond, and had

arrived in Butler's lines, having, apparently, been unable to return to Meade's army.

The army of the Potomac was again at its old position at Brandy Station, and General Meade had been summoned to Washington for consultation with the President and the War Department.

It was reported from Washington that the real object of the campaign in the south-west had been the overthrow of General Johnston's army; that the demonstrations of Grierson, Sherman, and Farragut were feints to induce a division of Johnston's army for the support of the points they threatened; and that the advance by General Thomas towards Dalton was made with 35,000 troops, which was intended to be followed by that of his whole force. The vigilance of the Confederates had frustrated the Federal plan.

The Confederate General Pickett, commanding in North Carolina, in a correspondence with the Federal General Peck, at Newbern, had declared it to be his intention to execute every negro he catches who is proved to have killed a Confederate; and that, should retaliation be adopted, he will hang ten Federals for every Confederate executed.

General Bragg had been appointed General-in-Chief of the Confederate armies, which probably means that he has been placed at the head of the military department at Richmond, to hold a similar position, in fact, to that occupied by General Halleck at Washington.

The Federal sloop of war Housatonic was destroyed off Charleston on the 18th ult. by the Confederate propeller *Torpedo*.

The Louisiana Unionists elected their Free State candidate on the 22nd ult., under the dictation of General Banks.

### MAZZINI AND THE GRECO PLOT.

The following letter has been addressed by M. Mazzini to the *Times* in reference to his connection with Mr. Stansfeld and his alleged participation in the Greco plot against the life of the Emperor Napoleon:—

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article in your paper of this day in which, referring to the statement of the Procureur-Imperial on the Greco trial, you imply that something further is needed in order to clear the character of Mr. Stansfeld from the imputations made upon him by that functionary of the Imperial Government.

Those imputations were contained in a speech totally unsupported by legal evidence; and I should have thought that Mr. Stansfeld's character and general denial in the House of Commons would have satisfied any fair-judging person of the untruth of such charges. But, if my testimony might be decisive of the question, I cannot withhold it from one whose friendship I highly value, and who has spoken so generously of me in an assembly where his doing so might expose him to some inconvenience and misinterpretation. I have therefore to request of you the insertion of this letter.

The two assertions of the Procureur-Imperial, as quoted in extenso by you, are:—

That Greco was to write to the address, "Mr. Flower, 35, Thurlow-square, Brompton," if he was in want of money.

That Mr. Stansfeld had been, in 1857, appointed to be the banker of a Tibaldi Conspiracy Fund.

It is true that at various times, owing to letters addressed to my name being stopped or tampered with by Continental police, I have asked my English friends, and among them Mr. Stansfeld, to receive them for me, the contents of the letters being naturally unknown to them. But it is not true that I ever gave to Greco the address of "Flower, 35, Thurlow-square" (or, indeed, any other name), for the purpose of applying for money or anything concerning an anti-Imperial plot.

And it is not true that I ever asked Mr. Stansfeld to be the treasurer of a Tibaldi Fund. Such an absurd fund has never to my knowledge existed.

As to what in your article concerns me, I have promised to myself not to write one single word more about the Greco affair. I am perfectly contented to leave to fair, dispassionate English opinion the judgment between Greco and me. I say between Greco alone and myself, because everybody must have noticed that all the affirmations aiming, in the French indictment, at establishing many sources of accusation against me—the summoning of the four men to Lugano; the distribution of daggers, revolvers, and bombs; the accepting of Imperiali as one of the band—have, through the trial, dwindled into nonentity.

And as to the "Theory of the Dagger," the first time I happen to write on it it will be modified into the "Theory of the Moral Dagger." Those who will condescend to read the *whole* of the pamphlets quoted by a member of the House will see that my object was precisely that of excluding the possibility of a *Theory of the Dagger*.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Tuesday Evening. JOSEPH MAZZINI.

**THE ARCHDUKE AND ARCHDUCHESS MAXIMILIAN.**—These distinguished personages arrived in London on Sunday afternoon, and occupied apartments at the Clarendon Hotel, Piccadilly. Their Imperial Highnesses, who were accompanied by Baron Dupont and one or two other members of their suite, rode out in the morning and visited the Prince and Princess of Wales and the King of the Belgians. The future Emperor and Empress of Mexico again left town on Tuesday, on their return to the Continent.

**REPORTED CONSPIRACY IN COPENHAGEN.**—The following extraordinary and improbable report appears in the *Vienna Presse*:—"The brother and eldest son of King Christian are about to leave Copenhagen—the former to go to London, the latter to another European capital. Several partisans of the reigning house have also left Copenhagen in great haste. Persons well informed state that all this is connected with a wide-spread conspiracy, which was only discovered just as it was upon the point of breaking out. This conspiracy was for a Scandinavian union, and for the purpose of joining not only the islands of Denmark, but Jutland and the duchies, to Sweden, and even of reconquering Pomerania for this new Scandinavian union, which would have formed a sort of Northern kingdom, like Italy in the South. Many persons in the Danish army were connected with the plot, but the principal actor in it is neither in Copenhagen nor Stockholm. The affair is very serious, but before long we shall have further particulars."

**THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.**—On the 6th inst. his Majesty scratched the left side of his chest with a pin that was attached to an order which he was fastening to his coat, and on the 10th he was a corpse. In the forenoon of Wednesday week the King was cloistered with Archduke Albrecht, and during their conversation he complained of a shooting pain at his chest. At five o'clock in the afternoon the King felt very ill, and went to bed, and three hours later his physicians declared him to be in great danger. The persons who went after midnight to inquire after the health of the illustrious patient were told that "no change was observable;" but already at that time the medical men knew that the case was a hopeless one. At five o'clock in the morning King Maximilian received the last sacrament, and shortly afterwards he had an attack of lockjaw. Towards eight o'clock his Majesty began to doze, and ten minutes before two he had gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns. When first the medical men were called in they found a small abscess on the left side of the patient's chest, and in the course of the day the adjacent parts of the body were violently inflamed. The immediate cause of the King's death was "pyæmie," a poisoning of the blood by means of pus.

**THE PEACE SOCIETY AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.**—A memorial from the Peace Society has been presented to the Emperor of the French expressive of the satisfaction with which they have observed the proposal recently made by his Majesty for an international congress. The memorialists doubt not that his Majesty's idea, though not at present meeting with universal acceptance, is destined to bear fruit at no distant day. The following is the Emperor's reply:—"To Mr. Joseph Peace, President of the London Peace Society.—Sir,—Your committee, in the address which it has forwarded to me, congratulates me on having proposed a European congress. The expression of its sentiments touches me all the more because your society, occupying itself with an enlightened zeal with the means of maintaining the general peace, is on that very account better able to appreciate my constant solicitude for the attainment of that end. Will you be my interpreter to your honourable colleagues, and offer them my sincere thanks?—Believe me, Sir, with all sentiments, &c., NAPOLEON."

**MR. DISRAELI AND POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.**—A letter in the *Morning Star* puts the following question to the leader of the Opposition:—"As Mr. Disraeli has thought proper to join in the disgraceful attacks which the assistants in the French Emperor's legal theatricals thought proper to make upon Mazzini and his friend Mr. Stansfeld, permit me to ask him through your columns if he has any recollection of a young man—the son of a Jewish literateur—who began his public career as the supporter of democratic principles, and subsequently showed his ingenuity by becoming the chief tool of the Tories? This gentleman wrote upon the question of tyrannicide earlier than Mazzini, and exclaimed in verse,

Blessed be the hand that dares to wield  
The registered steel that shall redeem  
A nation's suffering with a tyrant's blood."

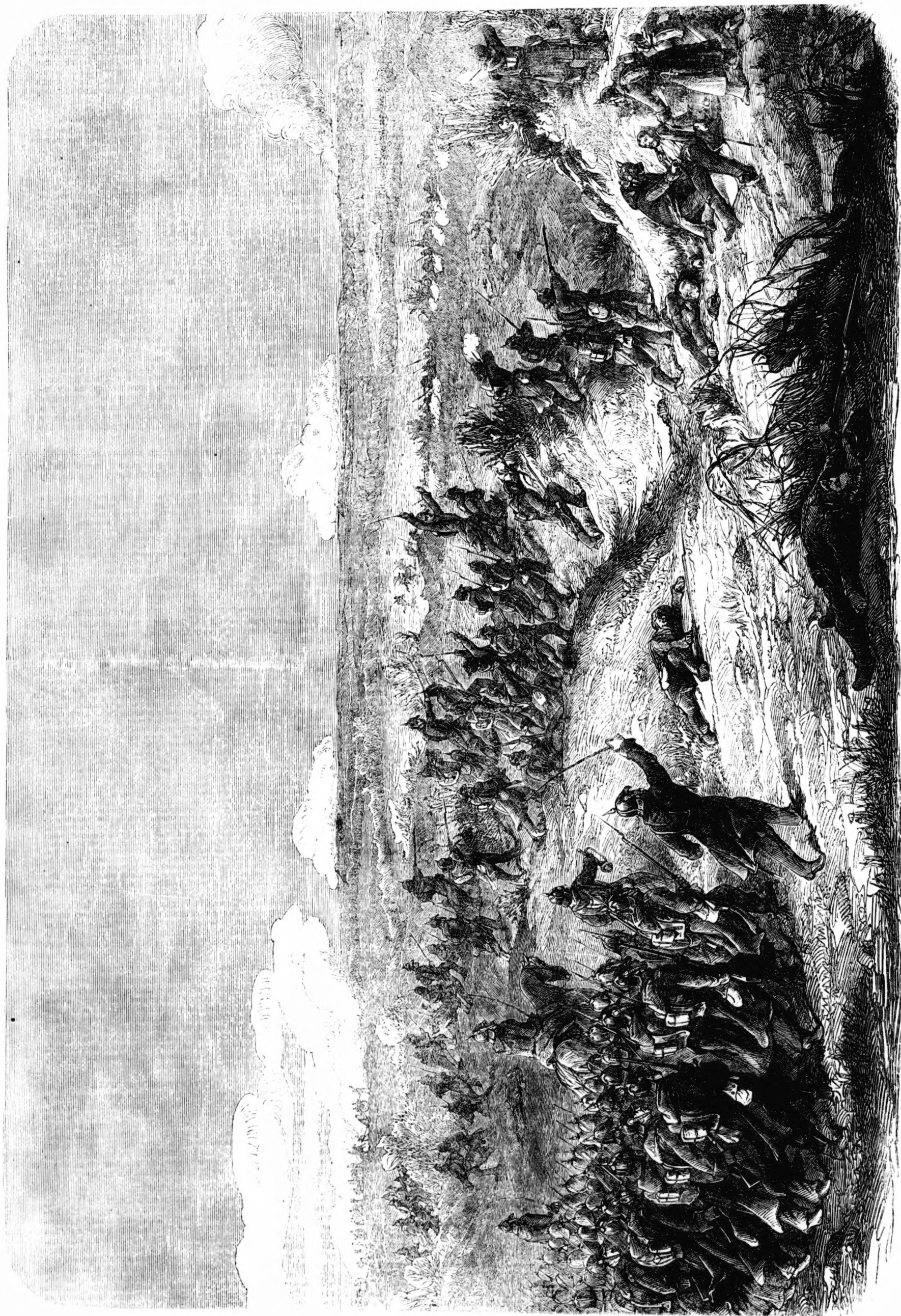
**SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATION PERFORMANCES.**—A numerous gathering of the managers of the various London theatres took place at the rooms of the National Shakespeare Committee, on Saturday last, to arrange the time for the performances promised to be given in aid of the Monument Fund. Mr. Benjamin Webster (Adelphi and St. James's), who had convened the meeting by circular, presided. The Haymarket, the Princess's, Surrey, Sadler's Wells, National Standard, Strand, Victoria, and Britannia Theatres were represented, and it was stated that the managers of Drury Lane and the Lyceum would concur in the decision to come to. After some considerable discussion it was definitively settled that the best time for such performances to take place would be during the weeks commencing Monday, April 18, and ending Saturday, April 30. The performances, as far as practicable, to be Shakespearean.



**'HARD CASH.'**

Our illustration presents a view of the Hills and Fortifications of Düppel. The latter crown a plateau, which, at its highest point (the site of the Düppel Mill), has an altitude of 300 ft., with a gradual declivity to the Alsen Sound. Behind the fortifications there is a valley affording a perfectly safe encampment for a numerous force. The plateau is 1400 ft. broad.



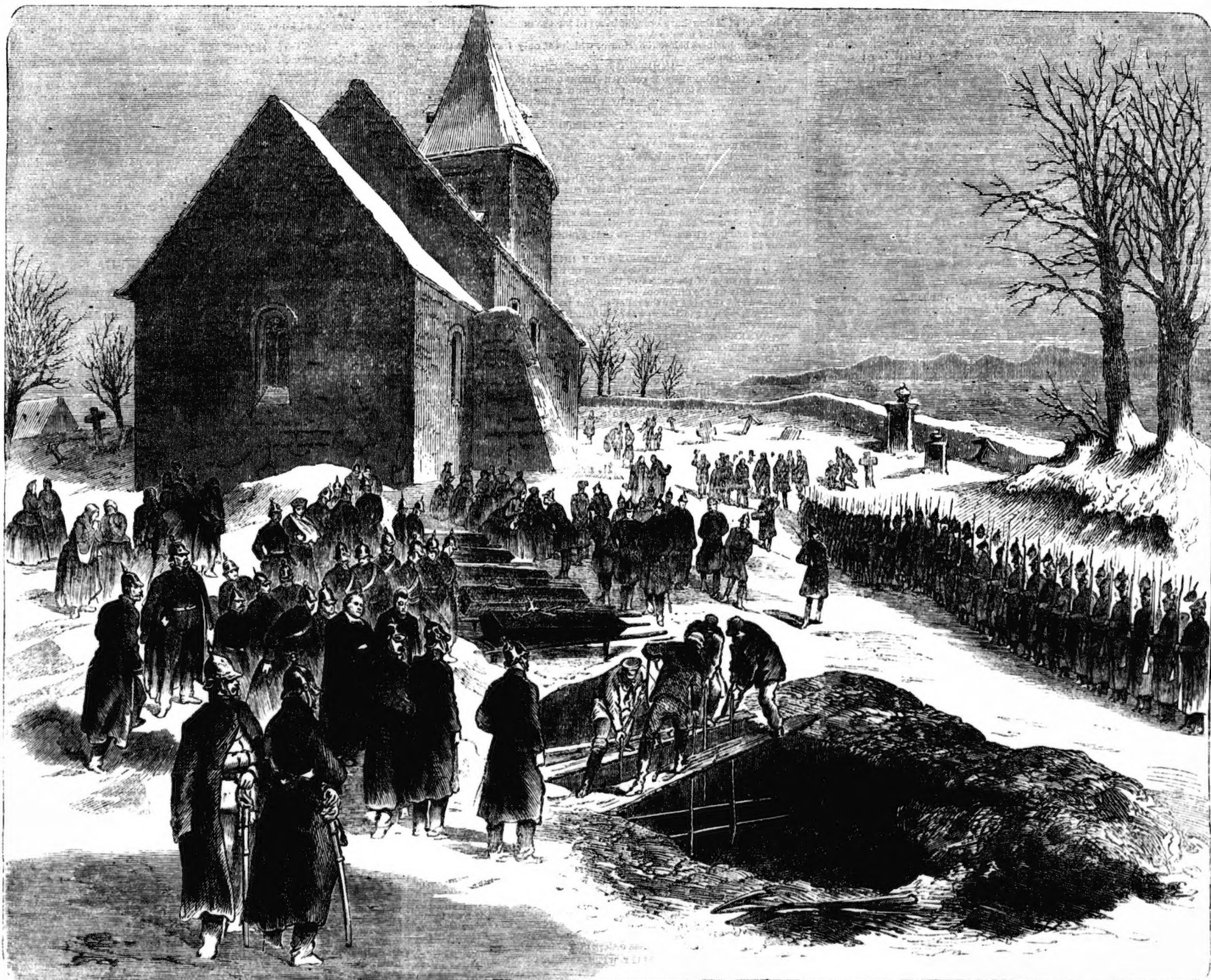


THE WAR IN DENMARK: THE BATTLE OF MISSUNDE.





AUSTRIAN PIONEERS THROWING A BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER SORGE IN PLACE OF THE BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE DANES.



FUNERAL OF PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE CEMETERY AT KOSEL.—(FROM SKETCHES BY AUGUSTUS BECK.)



## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 228.

## THE SHERIDANS.

We have two Brinsley Sheridans in the House: Richard Brinsley, grandson of the famous Richard Brinsley, orator and dramatist; and Henry Brinsley, who, it is said, belongs also, but collaterally, to the same family. The first represents Dorchester: the second, Dudley. Mr. Richard Brinsley is certainly in person and face somewhat like his eminent grandaunt; but here, as far as we know, the likeness ends. If the present Richard Brinsley has any of the genius of the former, he hides his light under a bushel. In the house he never speaks—has never been seen on his legs since he first made his appearance, in 1845. Mr. Henry Brinsley Sheridan has occasionally spoken, and speaks so well, and always shows so much knowledge of the subjects on which he speaks, that one wonders that he does not speak oftener. The fracas between him and Mr. Gladstone has not ended whilst we are writing. Mr. Gladstone has to reply. We shall say no more, therefore, upon this subject than this: Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sheridan have sometimes had some passages at arms, and Mr. Gladstone, great as he is in debate, has found Mr. Sheridan, on the subject of the fire insurance duty, rather a tough customer.

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Thursday night, last week, was to have been fruitful of events, and of one event specially. Mr. Stansfeld, the civil Lord of the Admiralty, was to make his debut as a dockyard reformer, and get himself delivered of a speech which he had so long borne about with him, expecting night after night that his time would come, that this speech had become a serious burden to him, getting heavier and heavier, as all burdens do the longer you carry them about. Moreover, the delivery of this speech was, if we think of it, to be one of the most important events of his life. Mr. Stansfeld was employed all through the vacation in overhauling the dockyard management and in planning extensive reforms there, and this speech was to disclose to the House and the country what he had done and what he proposed to do. His character as an administrative reformer, and, further, as an expounder of his own plans, hung upon this speech. To Mr. Stansfeld, therefore, that Thursday night was a very important epoch. But there were others, also, who were deeply interested in the promised events of the night. Mr. Stansfeld's friends were anxious to see how he would come out of his trial. Admiralty critics likewise, on both sides, were there. Some, prepossessed in his favour, others by no means so favourable, but having diligently coached themselves up in this dockyard business, waited patiently on Mr. Stansfeld's explanation with sharp, jealous eyes, to see if they could not discover a hole or make one in his plans. Well, thus matters stood on that important night; and when the House had worked off certain preliminary grievances on going into Supply, and had got Mr. Speaker out of his chair and put Mr. Massey, the chairman of Committees, into his, we felt that the important time so long looked for and big with fate was come at last. And there was a rustle of preparation. Admiralty critics turned over their papers to find the right place, and all were nestling down and getting their hearing faculty to due pitch of tension ready for Mr. Stansfeld's speech.

## BAULKED.

And now we are all in position. But why does he not rise? Lord Clarence Paget has handed up the dockyard vote to the chairman and it has been duly put. "Put! Yes, and carried." "Carried? Impossible! Why, we were to have had an hour's explanation, at least." But so it was. Whilst the critics had been preparing, Mr. Massey had put the vote in due form, and, nobody objecting, had declared that it was carried. "The ayes have it," said he, and laying down the paper took up another—to wit, the artificers vote, and was about to put that also; but the Committee now woke up to the position of affairs, and thereupon there was a storm. Sir Henry Willoughby was the first to rise and ask for an explanation. He was moderate and calm, though decided, as he always is. Mr. Lindsay, however, who followed, was in a white heat of indignation. "Why did not the Civil Lord speak? He was on his legs and some one pulled him down. The Committee has been deceived. I move, Sir, that you report progress." Mr. Bright more than insinuated that Lord Clarence Paget had been guilty of a trick. In short, for a time, there was a very pretty row; and, but for Mr. Gladstone, who in the absence of Lord Palmerston assumed the office of leader of the House, something not very pleasant might have happened. He, however, rose, and after a time, by judicious application of soft words, succeeded in damping down the fire, and brought the Committee back to a calm state of mind. "There has been no trick, but simply a miscarriage; and now what have we better do? Go on, and allow the Civil Lord to make his speech on the vote before us (No, no), or close Supply for to-night, report the Dockyard vote to the House to-morrow, and get an order from the House that the vote be recommitted on Monday (Hear, hear)? Well, be it so;" and so it was resolved, and straightway the flame sunk down and expired.

## REPORTING SUPPLY.

And now perhaps some of our readers may not quite comprehend the forms alluded to above, and, as it is our duty not only to sketch the proceedings in the house, but to explain them, we will say a few words in explanation of voting and reporting supplies. All grants out of the public purse must be considered and voted, not by the House, but by a Committee of the whole House. But the Committee, after all, has no power absolutely to vote a grant of money. It can absolutely reject a proposed grant; but if it wish money to be granted, all it can do is to recommend the House to do so. When, then, the Committee has voted a grant of money, such vote is, on the following day, reported to the House in this way: the Chairman of Committees, holding the report in his hand, takes his place at the bar. Mr. Speaker, seeing him there, calls him by name. "Report, Sir," says the Chairman. "Bring it up," replies the Speaker; and straightway the Chairman takes up the report and gives it to the chief clerk; and then, after some formalities of reading a first and second time, which we need not describe, the clerk reads out the vote allowed, and Mr. Speaker puts the question thus: "That the House do agree with the Committee in the said resolution." And here the question of granting the money may be opened again, and any member may move that it be rejected, or diminished, or referred back to a Committee—or, as we say, re-committed—for further consideration. This was what was done with the dockyard vote passed on that Thursday night. On Friday the vote was reported, and, on the motion of the Secretary of the Admiralty, it was ordered to be re-committed.

## MR. STANSFELD GETS RID OF HIS BURDEN.

Re-committed on Monday; and on that night Mr. Stansfeld, to his great joy, got rid of his burden at last, and went to bed, we should fancy, a happier man than he has been for many months past. But Mr. Stansfeld did more than get delivered of his burden. He achieved a great success, and gained the applause of all who heard his speech, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals joining in the chorus, and all acknowledged that for lucidity of style, orderly arrangement, masterly handling of complicated details, and general excellence, this speech has been seldom equalled and rarely excelled. But his success could be no surprise to those who knew Mr. Stansfeld, and what he has been doing for the last six months. We all knew that Mr. Stansfeld could speak well; has always language at command; is always self-possessed; and, in short, was in every respect a good speaker. Given, then, these qualifications and a thorough knowledge of his subject, success was certain. Well, as to knowledge of his subject, it was known that for the last six months he has been employed day and night gathering up that knowledge. He has visited all the dockyards, and laboriously investigated with his own eyes, mental and bodily, their operation. He had dived into and threaded, and come to understand, the vast jungle of Admiralty accounts; he had read all sorts of reports of Commissions and Committees; he had also visited private yards, and keenly investigated their plans; in short, he had made himself master of his subject, had it all laid out before him, surveyed and mapped, and could traverse it—explaining and describing as he went along—as easy as a postman traverses

his district. No wonder, then, Mr. Stansfeld achieved a success thus far. But will he be able to go farther? He contemplates great reforms, and means to carry them out if he can; but between the planning reforms and carrying them out there is a great gulf, guarded by a thousand obstinate foes—self-interest, lynx-eyed jealousy, official stupidity, that anarch old, and many other dragons and chimeras dire. Rumour, however, says that he will not want powerful backers in his work; that the great Duke at the head of the board, with his keen vision, business habits, impatience of obstacles, and resolute will, is to render aid. Forward, then; you have already gained honour by planning reforms, Mr. Stansfeld; may you gain still greater honour by carrying out your plans!

## ROEBUCK.

On the same night we had a small passage of arms between several well-known combatants—to wit, the once redoubtable Roebuck, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Bright, Mr. Kinglake, and others. The subjects were the American civil war, enlisting of soldiers in Ireland, steam-rams, &c. Mr. Roebuck opened the fight in his old manner—manner only; for, except manner, alas! there is little left of the Roebuck that once we knew—only the dregs. Mr. Roebuck was always a pointed and effective speaker, albeit his speaking was generally poisoned with bitterness; and even in his best days he seemed to be more desirous to wound than convince his opponents. But there was in those days something more. He professed then to be a philosophical Radical of the school of Grote, and Browning, and other famous men of their day; and oft-times, in his clear, and terse, and forcible style, he ably enforced the philosophy which he professed. But, alas! what a falling off do we see now! All the philosophy is utterly gone. And now, though we have still the same clear and forcible style, in a measure, and still the same dramatic action, they enforce nothing but anger, bitterness, and coarse personality. Alas that it should be so! On Monday night the member for Sheffield made a strange exhibition in this way. The American Government was "base, cowardly, and corrupt." The diplomacy of Earl Russell was "like the screaming of a cockatoo," "the scoldings of an old woman," and so on through the whole vocabulary of abuse. To the credit of the House, these wild effusions elicited no cheers; the Liberals were disgusted, the Conservatives ashamed. Several Conservatives spoke; nobody, however, sanctioned these strange utterances. But, on the other hand, Mr. Roebuck got severely flogged by several members on the opposite side. Between Roebuck and Earl Russell there has been for years no love lost. Why the member for Sheffield should have taken such a dislike to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs we never heard. But seven years ago it burst out with so much bitterness that the noble Lord, usually so calm and self-possessed, was roused to anger, and turned upon his foe with a fierceness that quite astonished us. We well remember the occasion. Roebuck had been criticising Lord John's policy with more than his accustomed rancour; whereupon his Lordship rose and used this remarkable simile, "The honourable member for Sheffield, whatever he may have been, is now like a vulture, all beak and claws." Of course, Mr. Roebuck has not forgotten this. It is his boast, we believe, that he never forgets or forgives. But, if his hate be not capricious, his love is; for only the other day he seconded Bernal Osborne's motion for stopping the supplies, declaring that he had no confidence in Lord Palmerston's Government. Whereas, on Monday night, he said "that the noble Lord had won for himself not only the confidence but the affectionate regard of the country."

## Imperial Parliament.

## FRIDAY, MARCH 11.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Malmesbury brought in a bill for the amendment of the Leases and Sales of Settled Estates Act.

The other business before the House, which sat only for a short time, was not of importance.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE CONFERENCE ON THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD drew attention to a discrepancy between the statements made on Tuesday evening by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords and by the Premier in that house with respect to the proposed Conference on the affairs of Denmark; and inquired upon what basis the proposal had really been made.

Lord PALMERSTON replied that what he had stated was, that her Majesty's Government had vainly endeavoured to obtain the consent of the belligerents to an armistice as the preliminary of a conference, because each party required conditions from that armistice which the other party would not agree to. In consequence, her Majesty's Government proposed to the belligerents that there should be a conference without an armistice, and that proposal had been agreed to by Austria and Prussia. It was also made to Denmark, but from her no answer had yet been received. He also stated that her Majesty's Ministers had good reason to believe that France, Russia, and Sweden would concur in such a conference.

## EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

On the order for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. HENNESSY called attention to some of the causes of the decline of the population of Ireland, and especially to the difference between the laws for the relief of the poor in Ireland and the laws for the relief of the poor in England and Scotland, and moved, "That the House was of opinion that it was just and expedient to extend to Ireland the beneficial provisions of the English poor law."

Mr. BLAKE seconded the motion.

Mr. VANCE contended that the decrease in the population of Ireland—arising, as it did, from emigration—had been caused, not by the land question or the poor laws, but by the repeal of the corn laws and the operation of the Encumbered Estates Court. The labouring population had the inducement of higher wages in America, and of course they went there. He believed that if out-door relief were allowed there would be a rush on the rates in all directions, which would be equal to a general confiscation of property in Ireland.

Major O'REILLY said he believed the extension of the English poor law to Ireland would accelerate, instead of lessening, the depopulation of that country.

After some observations from Sir H. Bruce, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. P. O'Brien, and Mr. H. Herbert.

Sir R. PEEL opposed the motion. The number of persons receiving out-door relief in Ireland was increasing. Such a change in the law as that proposed would have the effect of making the condition of the pauper superior to that of the independent labourer. The emigration he believed was the result of natural causes, and he believed it would go on till it had absorbed half a million more of the population. Moreover, he thought it was beneficial to the country. He made allusion to the Fenians, and expressed his conviction that they were of no importance, and that political prejudices in Ireland were passing away.

Mr. BRIGHT thought the arguments used by the right hon. Baronet told as strongly in favour of the abolition of out-door relief in England as of its refusal in Ireland. He believed the discontent in Ireland arose from misgovernment, and he urged the Irish landowners to look to the matter.

After some further discussion, Mr. Hennessy withdrew his motion.

## MONDAY, MARCH 14.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

Explanations were given by Lord Wodehouse as to the meaning of a conversation between himself and M. Hall, the late Prime Minister of Denmark, in which the noble Lord was reported to have said that no measures of the Danish Government would avert federal execution in Holstein; and by Earl Granville with reference to a statement of Prince Gortschakoff that the four great Powers were acting in concert upon a question more important than that of the duchies; which statement the noble Earl said referred to the said Powers declining the plan for a general European congress.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

Mr. LAYARD gave some explanation relating to the slave trade on the east coast of Africa, from which 30,000 slaves are still carried off.

## THE ATTACK ON KAGOSIMA.

Mr. LAYARD read a despatch from Colonel Neale, in reference to the bombardment of Kagosima. That town, he said, had never more than 40,000 inhabitants, all of whom had withdrawn from the town during the bombardment. Along with the despatch was a paper containing a digest of the statements of Satsuma's agents. It was to the effect that advantage had been taken of a coming typhoon to fire upon the British squadron; that the typhoon had caused the conflagration to extend; that no people were in the town to put it out; that the people had previously been warned to retire to the villages; that the town was now nearly restored; and that the squadron had been fired upon by the express orders of Prince Satsuma.

## NEUTRALITY WITH AMERICA.

Mr. ROEBUCK asked if the Government intended to remonstrate with the

Federal Government for recruiting in this country and in Ireland. He believed Lord Palmerston would be willing to do so, but the noble Lord was overshadowed by Earl Russell, who had thoroughly humiliated England by his foreign policy. The honourable and learned gentleman strongly attacked the Federal Government, and declared that he should be glad if American shipping were swept from the seas.

Lord PALMERSTON declined to accept compliments at the expense of a colleague. Earl Russell was simply the organ of the Government in what he did with foreign Powers. He did not believe that their policy had brought humiliation on the country; and, once for all, he would state most distinctly that the Government were all equally responsible for what Earl Russell had done. With respect to America, the Government endeavoured as far as possible to maintain neutrality. As to the alleged enlistments, they had no proof whatever. There might be Federal agents in Ireland seeking to induce fighting men to emigrate with a view to their enlisting in the armies of the Federals, but they did not make the enlistment in Ireland. It was enough to induce the men to go to tell them that instead of getting 1s. or 1s. 6d. a day, as in Ireland, they would receive 10s. or 11s. a day in America. The Government had remonstrated generally with the United States in respect to this, and if they had proof of any enlistment they would make special remonstrance.

After some words from Sir James Fergusson, Mr. BRIGHT declared the speech of Mr. Roebuck to be unworthy of any member of the House. How dare the hon. and learned gentleman assume that the Government of the United States were breaking international law by enlisting men in Ireland, when it was notorious that America had overwhelming attractions for the people of that blighted and unhappy country?

Lord R. Cecil, Mr. Kinglake, and Mr. Caird having addressed the House, the subject dropped.

## MAZZINI AND ASSASSINATION.

In reply to Sir L. Palk, Mr. LAYARD said that no communications had been made to the French Government in regard to the statement of the Procureur-General at the late trial of conspirators in Paris as to the connection with the conspirators and a Mr. Flower, who was alleged to live at the house of Mr. Stansfeld, in Thurlow-square. No one would believe that the accusations made against a member of that House were true.

Mr. HENNESSY quoted from a pamphlet written by Signor Mazzini in 1848 to show that that gentleman then advocated assassination.

Mr. FORSTER condemned the introduction of such a matter, and Mr. G. DUFF pointed out that Mr. Hennessy's friends, the Poles, practised assassination.

Mr. DISHAELI said that Mr. Stansfeld, speaking from a seventeen years' intimacy with Signor Mazzini, declared him incapable of advocating assassination; whereas Mr. Hennessy had shown that he had done so publicly.

## NAVY ESTIMATES.

The House then went into Committee on the Navy Estimates, and Mr. Stansfeld made a lengthy statement in respect to dockyard economy. Some discussion followed; after which votes were taken.

## TUESDAY, MARCH 15.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Ellenborough asked whether the identical note said to have been presented by Austria and Prussia, containing an amended proposal for an armistice, was genuine.

The Duke of Somerset, in the absence of Earl Russell from indisposition, said he believed the document as published was substantially correct.

The Malt for Cattle Bill was read a second time after some discussion.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.

Mr. D. FORTESCUE called attention to the late court-martial on Colonel Crawley, and entered into a long justification of the course he had taken on the subject, and moved for certain papers connected with the charges against Colonel Crawley.

General PEEL objected to the House being made a court of appeal for the revision of the proceedings of military authorities, and moved, as an amendment, that the production of any further papers was inexpedient.

After a long debate, the amendment was carried.

## THE BOROUGH FRANCHISE.

Mr. BAINES obtained leave to bring in a bill to reduce the franchise in boroughs from £10 to £6.

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat for a few minutes. The Mutiny Bill was read a second time and passed through Committee. The Inclosure Bill was read a third time and passed. The Marine Mutiny Bill passed through Committee. Two Consolidated Fund Bills were brought in and read a first time.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Dodson moved the order for reading a second time the Tests Abolition (Oxford) Bill, the object of which was to abolish the subscriptions now required for University degrees. To show that the measure might be safely adopted, the hon. gentleman pointed to the fact that, in principle, it was now in operation at Cambridge, Dublin, and in the Scotch Universities.

Sir W. Heathcote, in proposing as an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day six months, contended that the effect of such a measure would be to disassociate the governing body of the University from the Church of England, with which it had hitherto been connected. After a long debate the House divided, and the second reading of the bill was agreed to by 211 against 180.

The Election Petitions Bill and the Metropolitan Subways Bill were read a second time, and the latter ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.

In Committee of the whole House Sir J. Hay obtained leave to bring in a bill to authorise and regulate the issue of bank notes in Scotland by banking companies.

The Select Committee on Schools of Art was nominated.

## THURSDAY, MARCH 17.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

In reply to questions, Earl de Grey and Ripon said it was the intention of the Government to hold out greater inducements to old retiring soldiers to re-enlist, in order to make up for the expiry of the term of service of the ten-years-enlisted men. He also said it was intended to reduce the artillery by discharging bad characters and stopping enlistment.

## DENMARK.—PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

In reply to Lord R. Montagu, Lord PALMERSTON said her Majesty's Government had obtained the consent of Austria and Prussia to a conference, and they were waiting an official answer from Denmark to the same question. The Government had good reason to suppose that Denmark would consent to a conference, but had not yet received any official communication. He wished the House to understand that the present state of things was this, that the Government had reason to hope that they should get from the Government of Denmark consent to a conference.

## GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES BILL.—MR. SHERIDAN, M.P.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in moving that the House go into Committee on this bill, went at some length into the details of the statement he made some evenings since in reference to certain insurance offices, and, in connection with them, of Mr. H. Sheridan, the member for Dudley. Referring to the British Provident Society, he disputed the accuracy of the statements which had been made in exculpation of himself by Mr. Sheridan, and entered very fully into the figures of the society, showing that the expenditure was £15,000, as against receipts of £10,000. It was altogether, he said, a bad business, and demands were made to satisfy the claims of the policy-holders, which up to the present time had not been satisfied. The right hon. gentleman said if the assertions he had made were untrue he desired and he invited the severest animadversion of the House.

Mr. SHERIDAN at great length defended himself against these charges, and quoted a number of documents, with the view of clearing himself from the charge.

Sir M. FARQUHAR moved, as an amendment, that the bill be referred to a Select Committee.

After considerable discussion, the debate was adjourned until the next day (Friday).

THE LATE CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Sir H. STRACEY rose at eleven o'clock to move "That the statement of the Procureur-General, on the trial of Greco, implicating a member of this House and of her Majesty's Government in the plot for the assassination of our ally the Emperor of the French deserves the serious consideration of the House."

A debate ensued, which was continued long after midnight.

ARCHBISHOP WILKINS.—"Young Yorick" contributes to *Notes and Queries* some of the witty sayings for which Archbishop Whately was famous in Dublin:—"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."—"Morrow's Library" is the Muddle of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Day is a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the Archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to day for a sermon and to morrow for a novel!"—"At a dinner party he called out suddenly to the host, 'Mr. —! This was silence.' 'Mr. —, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?' 'After the usual number of guesses an answer came, 'Anne Chevy.'—Dr. Gregg: The new Bishop and he at dinner. Archbishop: 'Come, though you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle here.' The answer was not inapt: 'I see your Lordship is determined to draw me out.' On Dr. K.—x's promotion to the bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular:—"The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

### THE INUNDATION.

It is not too much to say that the terrible calamity which has so lately befallen Sheffield has had no parallel in England in our generation. We have known fearful catastrophes at sea, upon the railway, and in the depths of the mine; but in all these instances there has been some degree of confidence on the part of the sufferers, and the event has been among those reckoned upon as at least possible casualties. There is something inexpressibly more fearful than even in the idea of a shipwreck, a crushed train, or a suddenly destroyed mine, in the thought of hundreds of sleeping cottagers being suddenly drifted, with their goods and even their houses, in the midst of a rushing cataract along what but a few moments before was a placid valley. The very name of a flood arouses a horror which religion and tradition have alike aided to inculcate among the nations since the early days. We have been, nevertheless, disposed to regard such catastrophes as this as rather within the extreme limits of possibility than of probable actual experience. Yet suddenly, the morning journal in every Englishman's hand tells him that within a few hours' journey of the metropolis the results of a flood are to be seen in levelled houses, floating wrecks of worldly goods, and hundreds of drowned and battered corpses of his own fellow-creatures and countrymen. There he may view, where once were peaceful villages, farms, bridges, and cultivated fields, a dismal tract of slime and mud. Just such a desolation must have marked the train of the old Deluge commemorated by Holy Writ. From such a scene and from such a soil, according to the Roman classic, arise those hideous monsters which modern incredulity was content to regard as mythical, until science demonstrated their past existence, and, after viewing their gigantic relics, gave to the race the name of Saurians.

But it were vain to attempt to enlarge upon sights so well described by eyewitnesses, whose records are to be found in every newspaper. The emotions of terror must yield at length to more practical suggestions of sympathy for the sufferers and of precaution for the future. In the latter respect the lesson must not—cannot—be lost. But the more immediate call is for such aid as it is the special pride and honour of England to have bestowed in full profusion upon occasions of smaller necessity. The correspondent of a contemporary calls attention to the circumstance that the nation was upon the eve of raising a subscription, which it was sought to render enormous, for a needless memorial of a poet who stands in far less danger of being forgotten than the owner of any name in our literature, if not in our annals. It is urged that such a subscription would be far better bestowed in alleviation of the grief and bereavement of the survivors of this appalling visitation. We cannot but hasten to indorse an appeal so humane and so rational. The glorification of the dead, however admirable and illustrious they may have been, sinks into insignificance in the presence of duty towards the living. Compared with such claims as those of the poor homeless cottagers, the widows and the orphans of Sheffield, the demand for statues and painted monuments is but a child's clamour for new toys. Nor can we fear that many of the true English people will be found to hesitate for a moment upon the question of administering to the urgent necessities of the ruined and sorrowing, rather than to indulging in idle commemoration of one whose own works have already for three hundred years constituted his best and most enduring memorial—a memorial which time itself serves rather to strengthen and embellish than to obliterate or destroy.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has intimated her intention of contributing £1000 a year for three years to the Bishop of London's Church-building Fund. The Prince of Wales has promised a donation of £1000 for the same object.

THE PRINCE OF WALES held the second Levée for the season at St. James's Palace on Saturday. It was very numerously attended.

EARL RUSSELL has been suffering from a rheumatic attack, which has prevented him from taking his usual place in the House of Lords for several evenings.

THE COURT will go into mourning for three weeks, commencing on Sunday (to-morrow), the 20th inst., for his late Majesty the King of Bavaria.

THE DUKE OF COBURG-GOTHA has just paid a visit to Paris, the object of his mission being, it is reported, to explain to the Emperor the position of Germany, and to induce his Majesty to recognise the right of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to decide freely upon their future Government.

MR. CHARLES KEAN has had a severe attack of illness in Australia, but at the date of the last accounts was reported to be out of danger. It was feared, however, that he would have to give up his engagements at the antipodes.

NO FEWER THAN 3000 PERSONS are now imprisoned in Galicia for political offences. All strangers are being compelled to leave the country, whatever may have been their reason for being there.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND CLERKS have received a gratuity of ten per cent upon their salaries.

A NEW NATIONAL CURRENCY is about to be established in Peru.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS are now training hard on the Thames. The betting is in favour of Oxford.

THERE has been a rather serious earthquake in Copiapo, South America. AN AUSTRIAN COUNTESS, who lost four of her sons during the war in Italy, has now been deprived of her fifth and last son, who fell at the battle of Oversee.

SAM COWELL, the well-known comic vocalist, died of consumption last week, at the age of 43.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE ELECTION has terminated in the triumph of the Conservative candidate, the numbers at the close of the poll being:—Surtees, 2274; Cowper, 2026; majority, 248.

THE DANISH LOSSES in killed, wounded, and missing, from the commencement of the war until the engagement before Düppel on the 22nd ult., comprise 43 officers, two regimental surgeons, and 1924 men.

PRINCE FREDERICK OF AUGUSTENBURG, according to a telegram from Hamburg, was found dead in his bed at Kiel on Thursday morning. The rumour is said to require confirmation.

A FURZE FIRE, the work of some malicious person, ravaged a considerable portion of Mitcham-common on Monday night.

THE PAY OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE has been increased; but all men who now join the police are told that they will have to be in the force thirty years before they are entitled to a pension. The specified time was formerly fifteen years.

THE CLYDE overflooded its banks at Glasgow, on Monday morning, to a very unusual degree. Four persons lost their lives in a house which was flooded by the stream, and several other individuals were in imminent peril. Considerable damage was also done to property along the banks of the river.

THE RATIFICATIONS of a reciprocal treaty of commerce and amity between Belgium and the Hawaiian Islands have been exchanged in London by the respective Plenipotentiaries—his Excellency M. Van de Weyer and Sir John Bowring.

THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, vacant by the resignation of Sir Rowland Hill, has been bestowed by the Postmaster-General, Lord Stanley of Alderley, on Mr. John Tilley, senior Assistant-Secretary, who has been in the last thirty-five years in the service of the department.

THE HERZEGOVINA appears to be again disturbed. The Christian inhabitants refuse to pay the taxes, and great agitation prevails. No doubt the Porte will again have recourse to the pacifying influence of Omer Pacha and the canon rays.

A FEARFUL BOILER EXPLOSION took place in the saw-mills of Mr. Sanders, Slater-street, Spitalfields, on Friday week. At two o'clock, just as the workmen had returned from their dinner, a large boiler exploded, wrecking the mills and houses in the neighbourhood and seriously injuring several persons. A brother of Mr. Sanders was killed.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CHEMIST LIEBIG has just expressed, on the subject of the odium in vines and the potato disease, an opinion which is worthy of mention. The cause, he says, is not in the atmosphere, as many people suppose, but in a want of vigour and an exhaustion of the soil, which defect may be remedied by the use of bone-powder and ashes.

MR. CHESWICK, R.A., has undertaken a commission from Mr. Gambart to paint six landscapes of scenes in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon which are associated with the life of Shakespeare. These will comprise—1, Charlcote Park; 2, The Forest of Arden; 3, The Church at Stratford-on-Avon; 4, Ann Hathaway's Cottage; 5, The Town, from the River; 6, The same, from the Church. These works are to be published in chromolithography.

RICE was introduced into South Carolina by mere accident. In 1696 the master of a vessel from Madagascar landed about half a bushel of an excellent kind, from which small beginning sprang up an immense source of wealth both to the agriculturists and merchants of the Southern States. Within little more than half a century from that time 120,000 barrels of rice were exported in one year from South Carolina, and 18,000 from Georgia—all from the remnant of a sea stock left in the bottom of a sack.

### SIR ROWLAND HILL.

By the following elaborate Treasury minute a special superannuation allowance has been granted to Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., late Secretary to the General Post Office:—

Treasury Minute, dated March 11, 1864.

Read letter from Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., dated the 29th of February, stating that six months' absence having elapsed without any satisfactory results as regards the state of his health, he has now no course left but to resign his appointment as Secretary to the Post Office.

Read also letter from the Postmaster-General, stating that Sir Rowland Hill has, in consequence of the state of his health, been compelled to retire from the public service, and bearing his testimony to the eminent services which Sir Rowland Hill has rendered.

The retirement of Sir Rowland Hill from the office of Secretary to the Post Office would, if treated under the ordinary machinery of the Superannuation Act, afford to my Lords the power of granting him no more than a pension of £566 13s. 4d., or at the utmost £666 13s. 4d.; but it supplies, in the judgment of my Lords, an occasion of peculiar fitness for calling into action the ninth or special clause of the Superannuation Act, and thus, by a proceeding which marks their sense of his services, of drawing to those services the attention of Parliament.

The period during which Sir Rowland Hill has held office, either by a temporary or a permanent appointment, is but little in excess of twenty years; yet my Lords have to regret that, while he remains full as ever of ability, energy, and resources, and of disposition to expend them for the public good, the state of his health—due, without doubt, in great part to his indefatigable labours—compels him to solicit a retirement.

It is not, however, by length of service that the merits and claims of such a man are to be measured. It is not even by any acknowledgment or reward which the Executive Government, in the exercise of the powers confided to it, can confer.

The postal system—one of the most powerful organs which modern civilisation has placed at the command of Government—has, mainly under the auspices and by the agency of Sir Rowland Hill, been, within the last quarter of a century, not merely improved, but transformed. The letters transmitted have increased nearly ninefold, and have been carried at what may be estimated as little more than one ninth of the former charge. In numerous respects convenience has been consulted and provided for even more than cheapness.

Upon the machinery for the transmission of letters there have been grafted other schemes, which at a former period would justly have been deemed visionary—for the transmission of books with other printed matter, and of money, and for receiving and storing the savings of the people.

While these arduous duties have been undertaken, the condition of the persons employed in this vast department has been improved, and, could attention be adequately drawn to what lies beneath the surface, my Lords are persuaded that the methods of communication by letter which are now in action have produced for the mass of the population social and moral benefits which might well have thrown even these brilliant results into the shade.

As respects purely fiscal interests, advantages so great as those which have been rectified were, of course, not to be obtained without some effort or sacrifice. But the receipts on account of postal service, which on the first adoption of the change were reduced by above a million sterling, have now more than recovered themselves, and, if computed on the same basis as under the old system, the gross sum realised is about £3,870,000 instead of £2,346,000, and the nett about £1,790,000 in lieu of £1,660,000; at the same time contraband in letters may be stated to have ceased, and instead of a stationary revenue, such as that derived from letters between 1815 and 1835, the State has one which is steadily and even rapidly progressive.

My Lords do not forget that it has been by the powerful agency of the railway system that these results have been rendered practicable. Neither do they enter into the question, as foreign to the occasion, what honour may be due to those who, before the development of the plans of Sir Rowland Hill, urged the adoption of the uniform penny postage. Nor are they insensible to the fact that the co-operation of many able public servants has been essential to the work performed. But, after all justice has been done to others, Sir Rowland Hill is beyond doubt the person to whom it was given to surmount every kind of obstacle, and to bring what had been theretofore matter of speculation into the world of practice, without whom the country would not have enjoyed the boon, or would only have enjoyed it at a later date, and to whom, accordingly, its enjoyment may justly be deemed due.

Nor is it in this country alone that are to be perceived the happy fruits of his labours; the recognition of his plans has spread with a rapidity to be accounted for only by their excellence, from land to land, and truly may now be said to have met with acceptance throughout the civilised world.

Under these circumstances, it may justly be averred that my Lords are dealing on the present occasion with the case, not merely of a meritorious public servant, but of a benefactor of his race; and that his fitting reward is to be found, not in this or that amount of pension, but in the grateful recollection of his country.

But my Lords discharge the portion of duty which belongs to them with cordial satisfaction in awarding to Sir Rowland Hill for life his full salary of £2000 per annum.

Let a copy of this minute be laid before Parliament.

Transmit copy to the Postmaster-General, with a request that it may be communicated to Sir Rowland Hill.

THE WRECK OF THE BOHEMIAN.—The Coroner's jury who held an inquest on the bodies of the persons who lost their lives in the wreck of the Canadian steamer Bohemian have returned a verdict to the effect that the sinking of the ship was "caused by her collision with Alden's Rock at about eight o'clock on the evening of the 22nd of February, when running at the rate of 14 to 2 and 2½ knots per hour. The collision was owing, 1st, to an error in the judgment of Captain Borland as to the distance from Cape Elizabeth lights, which were then visible; 2nd, that, even had the steamer been where Captain Borland supposed her to be, it would have been a course of wisdom and caution to have taken a more easterly direction than he did take, till Portland Light was made; 3d, the said collision would not probably have occurred had there been a bell boat on Alden's Rock; 4th, that though the weather was mild and calm, and two steamers were overdue, while another was expected, the pilot employed by the owners of the line was not in a position to observe the signals made by the steamer. Most of the passengers were drowned, thirty in all, in consequence of the swamping of a boat while being launched. A boat, known as No. 6, left the ship when but partially filled with passengers, and, though repeatedly ordered back by the officers, refused to return, and this refusal contributed to increase the loss of life."

### DREADFUL INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD.

A TERRIBLE calamity occurred at Sheffield on the night of Friday week. The great reservoir of the Sheffield Water Company, at Bradfield—a reservoir nearly one hundred acres in extent, and which held more than 100,000,000 cubic feet of water—suddenly burst its embankment and swept with the fury of another Deluge down the narrow gorge formed by the Loxley and Stannington hills into Sheffield itself. Almost before warning could be given the volume of water began rushing headlong down the valley, sweeping farms and houses, forges and factories, like chaff before it. Never, probably, before has an accident of the same kind occurred so ruinous in its wholesale destruction of property, so lamentably fatal in the loss of human life. Whatever the sudden and tremendous flood could reach it seems to have destroyed; and, calculating only by the number of houses swept away and the persons missing who were known to have been in them on the fatal night, there is every reason to fear that the lives sacrificed by this awful calamity will not be less than two hundred and fifty. Property to the value of upwards of half a million has also been destroyed. The devastation in this respect is unparalleled. A large, populous, and thriving district has been almost obliterated from the earth, scarce more than traces of the houses and factories that once stood there now remaining.

#### THE BURSTING OF THE DAM.

The Bradfield Reservoir, which is situated about seven or eight miles from Sheffield in the hills above the town, though narrow in width, would hold 111,000,000 cubic feet of water when it was full; but it is said it was not quite full at the time of the accident. Ominous reports had been current as to the state of the embankment, which is of enormous depth and thickness, and was thought to be of commensurate strength. Its appearance of massive solidity was, however, belied by the facts. About nine o'clock on the night of the calamity, after the engineers in charge had left, a farm labourer, crossing the embankment as a short cut across the valley, noticed a crack in it. He at once gave an alarm, and ran down the valley to recall the engineers (Mr. Gunson and another gentleman), and he succeeded in overtaking them. They returned, but thought the crack of little importance. In a short time, however, other signs presented themselves, and they attempted to blow up a weir that crossed the dam at one end, in order to allow the water to escape. While the men were engaged in laying the charge, Mr. Gunson and his companion went to the fissure and crossed it. Mr. Gunson had scarcely got clear, when the fissure widened to a tremendous crevasse, and a portion of the embankment, 110 yards long by 70 feet deep, gave way at once, and the "world of water" rushed, with a prodigious roar, into the valley below.

#### THE COURSE OF THE FLOOD.

The enormous volume of water burst down the hillside, roaring like the heaviest thunder, and the unhappy cottiers in the valley were drowned instantaneously in their houses, from which they had not the slightest chance of escape. The full fury of the flood spent itself on the district lying between the junction of the Loxley and the Rivelin, and the Neepsend Bridge. The scene of devastation there is awful. Solid and substantial buildings, workshops, rows of houses, bridges, everything that opposed the course of the flood, yielded before its overwhelming might. News of the danger had been carried by messengers down the valley for a mile or two, and the warned villagers had time to escape. But before the messengers could reach the heart of the valley the mighty flood was close upon their heels, and they had to run for their own lives. Rushing on towards Sheffield the flood literally swept from off the face of the earth several entire villages, including Little Matlock and Malinbridge. Whole families were swept away with their dwellings, and not a trace remained of the thriving and industrious artisans who sought their beds on Friday night week, unconscious of the dreadful fate that so suddenly befell them. Persons who are familiar with the district will know that between Hillsborough Bridge and Malin Bridge there stood several long rows of cottage-houses, inhabited by the workmen of the mills and forges on the adjacent streams, with their families. With a few exceptions, the flood has wholly demolished all these rows of dwellings. In many instances even their foundations are obliterated. At the junction of the Loxley and the Rivelin only a few scattered houses, the walls and windows burst in by the flood, are standing to mark the site of the once-populous village. The enormous volume of water debouching from the gorge at the foot of Loxley valley seems to have divided itself into two streams, which swept with resistless force over the hamlets of Malinbridge and Hillsborough. The bridges that formerly crossed the stream have been swept away to their foundation-stones, and the districts which the streams divide were separated by a rushing torrent of water.

A forge upon a headland near the junction of the two streams was swept away with all its heavy machinery, and two men who were working at the hammers were among the first victims. The volume of water there seems to have entirely swept away one row of cottages and destroyed the back wall of another row, leaving only the front wall and some portions of the flooring in a precarious state. Amongst the first of the houses that fell was the Stag public-house, kept by a person named Armitage. The family numbered eleven persons, and they were all drowned. On the headland above named was a farmhouse inhabited by a family named Trickett. The house was swept away with all its occupants, who are stated to have numbered ten or eleven persons. The farm premises, with fourteen milch cows, were also carried away by the flood. Not a vestige of the homestead remains. Near to the house lived a Mr. Price, a shopkeeper, whose household, including his son and daughter-in-law, numbered six persons, all of whom were drowned. It is said that in this row of houses there was a woman who had been but two days confined. The infant was washed out of her arms, and the mother was found dead in the road among part of the ruins. In one of the detached houses near this row lived a family named Spooner. With them resided an old man, seventy-four years of age, named William Wostenholm, the father of Mrs. Spooner. There were ten in the family, and not one of them survives. Near the spot, on Saturday, was a little boy, a grand-on of Wostenholm, who was weeping bitterly, and seeking in vain to discover even a vestige of the house where his relatives had lived. The next row of houses, called Bower's buildings, are very strongly built, and, though they are greatly injured, they have been saved from utter destruction; but the condition of the walls of many of the houses testifies to the force with which the water dashed past. In some instances the inmates, who were, of course, in bed, were compelled to remain in the upper rooms for several hours before they could be released. One of the houses that was destroyed was occupied by a man named Cropper and his wife and two children. They were all drowned and their bodies swept away. Near to their house was one occupied by an old man and his grandson. The old man saved himself by escaping to the garret, but the grandson was jammed by some of the furniture in a corner of the stairs and was drowned almost within reach of his relative. William Watson lived in one of the same row of houses, with his wife and two children. The flood demolished their house and carried them out; but Watson, as he was being whirled along on the surface of the torrent, contrived to grasp a broken window-frame in one of the partially-submerged houses, and was saved, but his wife and children are lost. A public-house kept by George Bisby was partially demolished, only one of the bedrooms and the back kitchen remaining. Bisby, his wife, and four children are gone. Next are a row of houses called the "Brick Row." Down both front and back of these houses the flood had raged in all its fury. The mud upon the houses showed that the waters had risen from 16 ft. to 18 ft. above the roadway. The first house of the row was tenanted by a man named Dyson, his wife, and children, and one or two relatives. They were ten in number, but only one of them is saved. The survivor is Dyson's brother, and he escaped in a very remarkable manner. He was sleeping in the top bedroom, and being awakened by the rush of the water, and, finding escape into the road cut off, he smashed a portion of the lath and plaster partition, made his

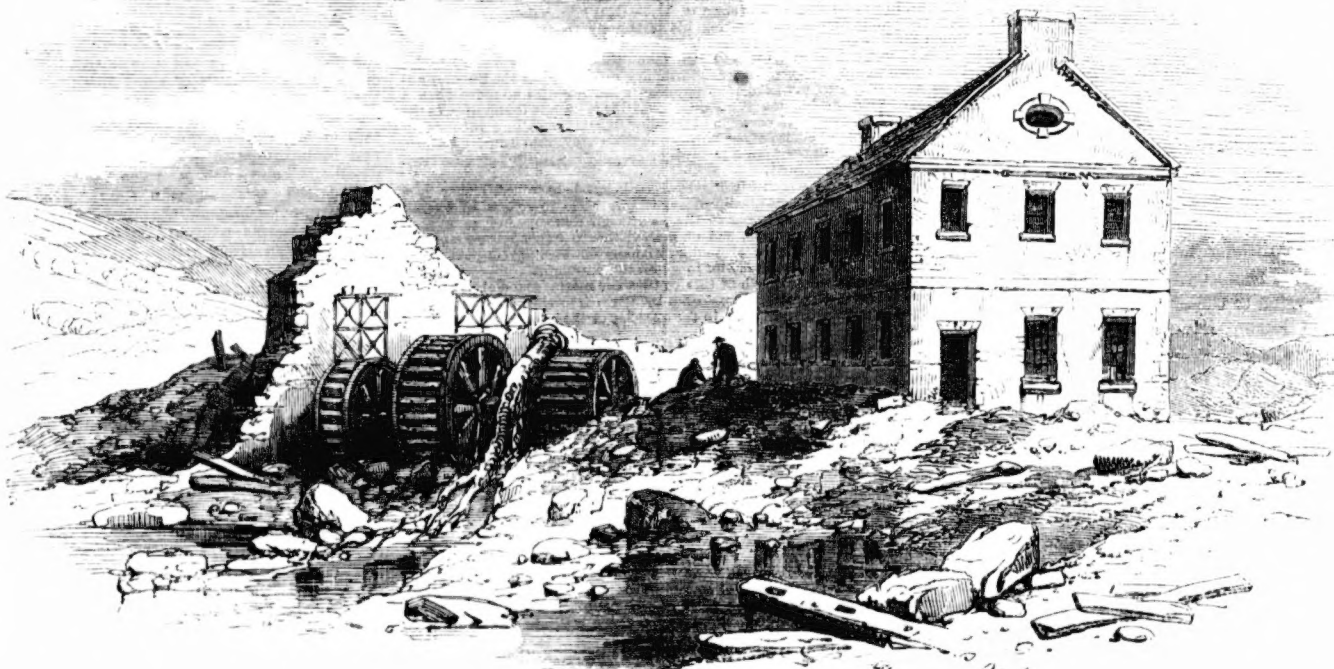


## EFFECTS OF THE INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD.



VIEW SHOWING THE DESTROYED BRIDGES AT HILLSBRO'

way to the joists beneath the roof, and then broke through the slates and got upon the roof, where he remained till assistance could be given to him. In the back of the last house of this row two children named Atkinson were swept out of their bedroom along with the bed on which they were lying and were drowned. In the next two houses resided two families named Turner and one named Taplin. The uncertain statements of the surviving neighbours fix the number in each house at seven and eight, but not a trace of them or their houses is left. The Hillsborough Inn had a narrow escape from total demolition. The Shakspeare Inn across the road suffered to a similar extent. The passages were several feet deep in mud, and at the parlour-door, roughly stretched upon a wooden bier, we saw the naked corpse of a man



RUINS OF MR. STACEY'S GRINDING-WHEEL AT MALIN-BRIDGE.

which had been dug out of the mud and rubbish opposite the house. In a stable attached to the Yew-Tree Inn we found six corpses—three women and three men. They were laid upon stretchers just as they had been dug out of the mud or dragged from out of the hedges, or beneath trunks of great trees or beams of timber that had been whirled down the current.

Leaving Hillsborough, and turning down towards Owlerton, the destruction appeared to be on an equally awful scale. A number of cottage houses were completely washed away, and a thick deposit of mud concealed the well-kept gardens that had been the pride of the cottagers. Almost every house that remained in a habitable condition was used as a dead-house. At every turning were to be met parties of policemen and volunteers, bear-



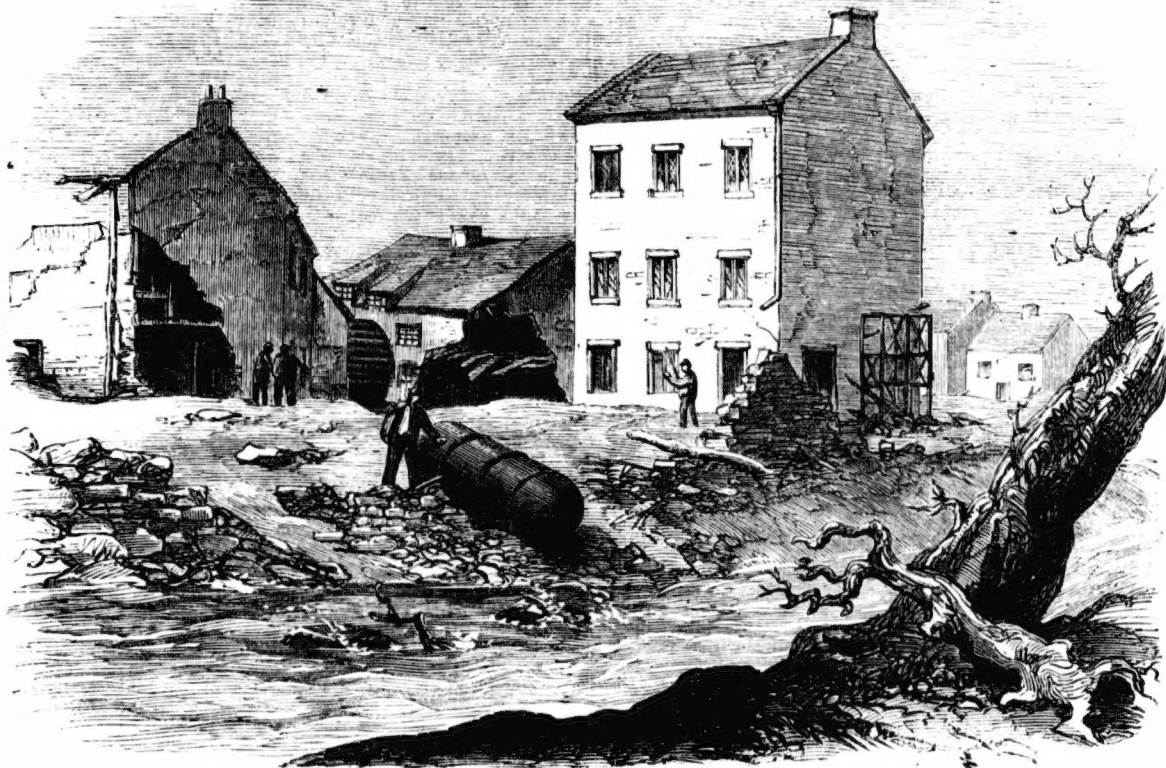
ROW OF COTTAGES, WITH ONE SIDE ENTIRELY WASHED AWAY, AT BACON ISLAND.



ing each a ghastly burden. In the public-house kept by Mr. Holland were five dead bodies. In the Victoria, further on the Owlerton road, there were four, which during our brief stay were increased to seven. In a stable attached to a beer-house were two bodies; in another stable, upon heaps of straw, three mangled forms were laid out. On the road-side beyond the Victoria were one or two bodies, which would be "dug out" when the labourers had time to attend to them. In the stream here was the mangled body of a girl about ten years old, which had been apparently cut in two by a heavy piece of timber with machinery attached to it. Close by, the searchers discovered the mangled body of a man in a muddy pool.

## SHEFFIELD.

The first alarm was given in Sheffield at about a quarter past twelve, and soon after some of the most populous thoroughfares of the town were flooded with six or even eight feet of water. At two o'clock the height and force of the current had greatly abated. There was still a great volume of water, and the roar with which it rushed along was like that of an express-train in a cutting. On Lady's Bridge enormous heaps of timber, mixed with straw and other debris, had been piled up by the flood against the masonry-work of the structure. The



OLIVE PAPER MILLS AT LOXLEY VALLEY.

immense quantity of rafters, flooring, joists, planks, and miscellaneous articles heaped to within a few feet of the top of the bridge told a portentous story of buildings destroyed; and melancholy were the forebodings of those who looked upon the ruin. There seemed wood enough to build a village. But, bad as were the fears of those who looked upon the evidences of disaster, none knew how dreadful was the reality, and the majority had not the most distant idea of the loss of life that had occurred. At the police-station was a crowd of poor, ill-dressed people who had been flooded out of their dwellings, and who were glad to spend the night crouching round the fire; and in the streets were several people moving about hastily with torches which they had improvised. In Blonk-street, Sheffield, at a little after two o'clock, two drowned pigs were floating on the water intermixed with timber, trees, household furniture, and mechanical implements brought down by the flood. Soon after this, in the Wicker, just past Blonk-street-end, the corpse of a man was found. The man, to save himself, had clung to a lamp-post, when the torrent converted the street into a river, and in that position he had perished rather from the benumbing influence of the water than from actual drowning. In Bridge-street the water



VIEW AT HILLS-BRO', SHOWING THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT STANDING OF A ROW OF FIFTEEN.

is said to have been as high as the tops of the shop windows, and a woman-servant in the office of Messrs. Naylor, Vickers, and Co., saved her life by mounting on the top of a wardrobe, which served her as an ark until the deluge went down. Corporation-street was impassable with water and mud; but the chief and most striking feature of mischief was in the destruction of the bridge. The Lady's Bridge trembled under the assault of the timber that came down upon it with the force of as many battering-rams, and as the arches became choked with the labyrinth of rubbish brought down the water rose in a few minutes to the level of the bridge. As day dawned it was seen that the water had flowed over the parapet of the Blonk Bridge, and in its rush had swept away a portion of the wall running between the bridge and the Adelphi Theatre, turning over large stones weighing several hundred-weight. After crossing the road, the water had made an opening in the wall bounding the cattle market, carrying away a large portion of the shed, and covering the market ground to the depth of several feet. Bad, however, as all this was, a view of the Wicker as seen from the viaduct created still greater astonishment. At the height of the inundation



RUINS OF MR. HAWKSLEY'S FACTORY AT OWLERTON.—(FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER PICCOLON.)

the Wicker must have been one immense river capable of floating a ship of the Warrior class. The causeways and carriage-ways resembled the furrowed sands of the sea as seen after a heavy storm. Gas lamps lay on the pavements, and one of the arches of the viaduct was all but stopped as a thoroughfare by a large ash-tree, root and all, no doubt torn up several miles away and brought on the surface of the water until arrested by the arch. Passing the arches the water still rushed on, and flooded the Midland Railway station, where four drowned women were found. Just at the entrance of the station a fine heifer was found dead. Glancing down the Wicker, it was seen that on one side many of the shop windows and doors had been forced in and broken by the weight of water, and on all hands people were sweeping out the sand and mud which the water had left. Goods of great value stored in the cellars of this street were destroyed or rendered valueless.

At Neepsend one part of a large factory has been cut away as clean as if it had been sawn down close by the partition wall. A little further on is a row of houses with their fronts removed, and the honeycombed arrangement of the rooms fully exposed to view. Near these



transverse sections or interiors of houses are numerous gardens, in which there is now no sign of vegetation, but a tangle of torn shrubs; and the ruffled and tangled appearance of these gardens is as odd as that of the unswept floor of a hair-seating manufactory. The neighbourhood is of red brick, and the height of the dark water-mark on these houses argues not only a fearful destruction of property but a not less fearful destruction of life. The flood came upon this low-lying neighbourhood like a thief in the night, and the water-mark shows that some of the houses have been submerged nearly to the roof, some have been filled up to the level of the second story, and in others, which stand a little higher, the water-mark is about shoulder height.

At Hillfoot the wooden bridge had disappeared—completely carried away by the first rush of water, and with a noise, it is said, that startled the sleepers around, who sprang from their beds with alarm. The view from their windows did not tend to reassure them, for the flood was all around, boiling and seething along, filling the houses, rushing up the stairs, floating the beds and furniture. The screams and cries for help are described as heartrending. Just below the bridge, by the weir, stood a small house, occupied by James Sharman and his wife, who attended to the shuttle of the goat that supplies Messrs. Butchers' works at Philadelphia. Against this house the full force of the current broke. The inmates were Sharman, his wife, and a daughter-in-law, with several children. The watchmen aroused them when the water began to rise, and they hastily left their dwelling. Scarcely had they been out of the house a minute when the current carried it away, and now not a vestige of the place remains except the foundation. The bridge over the goit went along with the house. At Philadelphia corn-mill, which stands close to the water's edge, a number of horses were drowned in their stables, pigs in their sties, and fowls on their roost. We have not heard that any life was lost at this point. On Bacon Island, a low-lying piece of ground between the goit and the river, the only access to which is now the narrow plank of the shuttle frame, trees, hedges, and walls were levelled with the ground. Several lives are believed to have been lost here. Of course, all the houses and works along the river side have been flooded, and damage to a fearful extent has been done. In Messrs. Butchers' works at Philadelphia the body of a woman, perfectly naked, was found, and it was believed that a whole family living near Neepend Bridge had been washed away. In Ebenezer-street the body of a man was found. At Kelham rolling-mill the men were compelled to escape by the roof, and in so doing managed by some means to set it on fire. Almost before the streets were passable persons sallied from their houses, and the evil news spread quickly. The streets of the town were thronged with persons hurrying to different parts, anxious to inquire into the fate of friends dwelling near the level of the river. Several bodies recovered were partially dressed, and others entirely naked, their clothing having been literally torn from their bodies by the violence of the stream.

#### DONCASTER.

The inundation throughout the entire valley of the River Don has been unprecedented, and not even the great flood of 1857 was so prolific of damage as this has been. The Don, owing to late heavy rains, was unusually high, and the additional water thrown into it by the Sheffield calamity has laid hundreds upon hundreds of acres under water, and inflicted incalculable injury to the growing crops. Information of the disaster was early telegraphed to Doncaster, and, by the direction of Mr. Superintendent Gregory, of the borough police force, intimation was at once given to the inhabitants of Marshgate, a district of Doncaster contiguous to the Don, and, in flood times, under water. Speedy steps to insure safety were taken, but at no time did the water rise so high as to place human life in jeopardy. About eight o'clock the water had risen so quickly that Crimpsall, behind the Great Northern Railway station, was covered, and, with high water at Keady at ten o'clock, it was feared that the water would spread, to the great danger of property. Between nine and ten o'clock the flood had reached its highest point, and the rapidity which marked its rise characterised its fall. By half-past ten o'clock it had subsided about 28 in.; it increased afterwards, although it did not attain its former height. Of the destructive character of the flood there was abundant evidence on every hand. Timber in large quantities, bedposts, feather beds, tables, clocks, and various kinds of household furniture passed down, and several carcasses of cattle also. About eleven o'clock the body of a middle-aged woman was taken out of Crimpsall. At Mexbrough, about seven miles up the river from Doncaster, the bodies of a man, a woman, and a child apparently about two years of age, were taken out; and at Swinton, about a mile still further up, three other bodies were recovered.

#### SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SUFFERERS.

Immediately on the awful extent of the calamity being ascertained, steps were taken to provide for those persons who stood most in need of assistance. A preliminary meeting was called by the Mayor, at which a subscription was opened; and on the following day a public meeting was held, which was presided over by the chief magistrate of the town, and attended by Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Lieutenant of the Riding; Lord Wharfedale, and other influential persons. A committee was appointed to collect funds and distribute aid, and by Wednesday night the subscription-list amounted to more than £16,000. The Prince of Wales, through Mr. Roebuck, telegraphed that he wished to head the list. Mr. Hadfield, the other member of the borough, contributed £500; Earl Fitzwilliam gave £1000; Lord Wharfedale, £200; the trustees of the Duke of Norfolk, £1000; the town trustees, £500; and the principal firms in the town and district contributed liberally. A subscription has also been opened by the Lord Mayor in London; and a similar course has been taken in other places.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We print several Engravings depicting the effects of this fearful calamity. The illustration on our front page portrays the scene on the Lady's Bridge on Saturday morning, and which we have already described. Another Engraving shows the ruins of Mr. Stacey's grinding-wheel, which was situated on the stream above Sheffield. The only evidences left of its site are the foundation-stones and the water-wheel, which were left lying in the mud. A third Engraving gives a view of the destroyed bridges at Hillsborough; and a fourth shows a row of cottages at Bacon's Island, one side of which was entirely washed away. A fifth illustration shows the ruins of the Olive Paper-mill, in Loxley Valley; a sixth exhibits the only cottage left out of a row of fifteen; and a seventh exhibits the ruins of Hawksley's factory at Owlerton.

At Malin Bridge the river is narrow and bent, the hills on each side are steep and lofty, and the buildings that stand on the banks of the Loxley are on ribbon-like slopes of low land at the foot of the hills. Near the water and projecting into it were the water-mills, and of these the wheels alone are to be seen. Another large work is partly saved and partly destroyed. Placed in a location where the full set of the current was thrown on the opposite side, it has lost part of its walls, and its couple of cylindrical boilers, removed from their beds, remind us of those anatomical models in which the skin and ribs are removed to exhibit the two lobes of the lungs.

#### THE BRADFELD RESERVOIR.

Now that the great basin has nearly emptied itself, the whole structure is laid bare. It is almost a natural tank. Nature had done so much in some of its convulsions as to have left comparatively little for art to accomplish. The deep valley had been seized upon by the practical engineer, and there required but little to be done artificially beyond the construction of an embankment at the end of the valley to inclose the basin on three sides, leaving open the rear for the free ingress of the water, which pours down there in a hundred greater or less tributary streams. The capacity of the reservoir was seventy-eight acres, and if we multiply those 114,000,000 cubic feet by 61, we have the quantity of gallons which it held at the time when the embankment burst—691,000,000 gallons. At the deepest point the reservoir was 90 ft. The sloping and uneven nature of the ground on each side of the basin would, however, make a great difference in the depth at various points. The intention was to have given from this reservoir a supply to the millowners of ten cubic feet per second

night and day during the whole year, Sundays excluded; or about 4,500,000 gallons per diem. The embankment was composed of 400,000 cubic yards of stone, earth, &c.; and was at its base 500 ft. wide, tapering away to a very narrow apex. The perpendicular depth was 100 ft., so that the accumulated water in it was 10 ft. from the ridge. On the south side was the waste weir, which is a foot below the water-line, and therefore would be, in the opinion of competent engineers, sufficient for all ordinary circumstances in relieving the basin from an undue pressure from the water.

A thorough investigation into the construction of the dam and the causes of the calamity is being made under the auspices of the local authorities, assisted by Mr. Rawlinson, civil engineer, who has been specially sent down by Sir George Grey to give his aid. An inquest on the recovered bodies has also been opened by the Coroner for the district; and, no doubt, the evidence taken will throw some light on the causes which have produced this terrible catastrophe.

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE House of Commons adjourned last night and will meet again on Monday, the 4th of April. And it is rumoured that after Easter will come the long-threatened tug of war. "We shall chaw you Radical fellows up after Easter," said my political gossip in a chat which I had with him the other day. "The thing is all settled, and in less than six weeks we shall have a dissolution." "What has brought about this change?" said I; "a little while ago you thought that we should have no battle this year." "Well, the Hertfordshire election was the last feather; and then there is your foreign policy. Johnny Russell terribly muddled the Polish business, and in the Danish matter he has been playing the same game." "Would you, then, have us declare war against Austria and Prussia?" "Yes, egad! I would. If we don't do something we shall be laughed at and drop down into the position of a second-rate Power in Europe." "If, then, your friends come in, we are to let loose the dogs of war. Is that what you mean?" "To be sure; and it's my opinion that the majority of the House thinks we ought to go to war at once, and my belief that the country is of the same opinion." "Indeed! Well, now, perhaps you will let me give you my opinion upon what is likely to happen after Easter? My view, then, as at present advised, is that the Conservatives are not strong enough yet to overthrow the Government, and won't try. You talk as if the Conservatives had a majority in the house. They have not. If each party were to close its ranks, it would be found that the Liberals have still a majority of about a dozen." "Yes; but the Radicals would, most of them, go with us; and then where would you be?" "Ah! I have heard that story before. But, depend upon it, the bulk of the Radicals, notwithstanding all their grumbling and big talk, would, as they have done on former occasions, march quietly into the lobby with the Government when the time came. Besides, will all your people stand firm?" "Yes, to a man." "Will they? I don't believe it. I think I could count more than a dozen who would certainly desert their colours. They might not vote against their chiefs; but they would certainly not vote with them. And as this is pretty well known, I believe still that there will be no fight." "But why should they not vote with us?" "I understand that all differences are made up." "Then you are mistaken; but pray tell me—suppose the Government defeated, the elections over, and a Conservative majority returned—how are the places to be distributed? Derby will be Premier, of course; but who is to be at the Foreign Office?" "Oh, Dizzy!" "Disraeli at the Foreign Office, confronted by Palmerston!—that would be a sight to see! And who is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer?" "Sir Stafford Northcote." "Sir Stafford Northcote face to face with Gladstone! Good! When the first struggle comes on may I be there to see. In the first place, I do not believe that the Conservative gentlemen will ever consent to have Disraeli Foreign Minister. This post is, next to that of the Premier, the highest in the Cabinet, and it is almost invariably given to a member of one of our great families. Canning was an exception; and if we had another Canning the rule might be broken again. That list won't do, my friend; I have seen another; but it is hardly worth while to quote it; for, as the old proverb says, 'better catch your hare before you sell the skin.'"

"That was an awful beating, though, that you got in Hertfordshire. Does that not show a reaction?" "Not at all! Hertfordshire has always been a Tory county. Out of three members the Whigs have never been able to get more than one; and in a hand-to-hand fight of one and one it was not likely that they would succeed." "Why, I heard that they had a majority on their canvass-books." "Canvass-books are never to be trusted. The Whig books showed a majority of fifty: the Conservative agents boasted a majority of three hundred. At the next general election it is more than probable that the Whigs will regain their seat, notwithstanding this defeat, for then they will get the advantage of a good deal of cross voting."

"And now, Mr. Blogg, I want you to unloose your purse-strings and let one or more of those golden shiners ooze out." "What for?" "Why for the Newspaper Press Fund." "Newspaper Press Fund! what's that? I never heard of it." "Nor I till lately; but it's a capital society, established in 1858—a sort of insurance society for members of the newspaper press, editors, reporters, contributors, &c., aided by subscriptions and donations from persons who, though not really members of the press, are closely connected with the fourth estate—authors, for example, or, indeed, anybody; for, though you may not have published a line, I will venture to say your guinea or guineas will not be refused." "So! let me look at your prospectus. President, Lord Houghton—(that's our old friend Monckton Milnes), Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir Cusack Roney, Robert Chambers, LL.D. Who's he?" "Why, the publisher." "Ah! to be sure; and no man deserves the title better. Well, it seems to be in good hands; and there's a guinea for you." "You'll be a member?" "I am a member; I am not connected with the press." "Why, not exactly. But, if you are not a lion, you are a jackal, a lion's provider." "And you the lion; that is complimentary. Well, jackal will give lion a guinea for his society this year. And next, you shall see what you shall see. Meanwhile, I may say this—I always like to help those that help themselves."

Although the question "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" was negatived at Westminster, it is not so decided in Pall-mall. The Reform Club has been presented by Mr. T. B. Potter, of Manchester, with a marble bust of the great Protector—the work of Mr. Noble, in whose studio I have just seen it. It is a very lifelike bust, with a fine, frank expression, such as readers of Carlyle would expect to find in Oliver's manly countenance. To my mind it has a sweetness—almost a tenderness—about it, as if the sculptor had found the great man conversing with his favourite daughter and caught the smile before it had quite faded. A noble head of the dowager Duchess of Manchester and a remarkably fine bust of Mr. Potter's father—one of the giants of the Reform days, the first Mayor of Manchester—are in progress in the studio; and the cast of the Salford statue of the Prince Consort—an excellent likeness—towers in the background, among an army of smaller works.

Do you ever go to the Temple Church? If you do, do you think it pretty behaviour of the enlightened Englishman to stick his hat between the legs of a recumbent knight? I saw Jones (who had just done that) frowning down upon the insulated Templar with that contentious face which the Great Briton always wears when he surveys a monument. I'm sure you must have noticed it in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; he looks as if he would like a round or two with the statue. Well, I saw Jones looking like that, and went shyly, but seriously, up to him. "Don't you think, Sir," said I, "those bronzes would look better if they were black-leaded?" I kept my countenance. So did Jones. He took it like a lamb, cocked his thick head judiciously, and said, "Why, yes; they look as if they come out of a mine storeroom now." Such were Jones's views and Jones's grammar. I commend the question of blackleading the Templars to the curators of the sacred edifice.

The Tercentenary fever is breaking out all over the provinces and

\* Mr. Blogg's guinea will be duly sent to the secretary.

exhibiting the most singular symptoms. The moral to be deduced from the mania is, that after, or next to, or even before, the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare, "there is nothing like leather"—at least, in the opinion of the dealers in that article. Mr. Kelly, the eminent buttermilk of Liverpool (eminent is an accepted adjective with which to describe brewers, so why not buttermen?), has, I hear, exhibited in his shop-window a statuette of the Bard in *pure fresh butter*!!! Ingenious, is it not? I should mention that, as far as extensive advertising goes, Mr. Kelly holds the same relation to butter as Messrs. Moses and Son to broadcloth. The weather has been warm for the last few days. Let us hope that this last tribute to the memory and genius of our great countryman has been kept in ice.

A committee has been formed somewhere—I shall perhaps be able to give you the precise locality next week—for a fancy ball, no visitor to be admitted unless attired as one of the characters in the Shakespearean plays. The feature of the evening is to be the Shakespearean Quadrilles. Each quadrille is to represent one drama—that is, Falstaff is not to be allowed to foot it with Juliet or Imogen, nor King John with either Cressida or Perdita; no such confusion of poetical ideas will be permitted. Romeo must keep among the Montecchi, and Bottom the Weaver confine himself to the salutory society of Snug, Flute, Quince, Snout, and Starveling. Each quadrille is to be danced by the dramatist personæ of one play, so that there may be the Coriolanus Quadrille, the Life and Death of King Richard II. Quadrille, the Macbeth, the King Lear, or the Two Gentlemen of Verona Quadrilles. This last should be danced by male creatures only. The notion would bear carrying out. Why not the Pericles Polka, the Romeo and Juliet Redowa, the Cymbeline Schottische, the Titus Andronicus Deuxtemps, the King John Goriitz, the Othello Cellarius, the Merry Wives of Windsor Waltz, or the Hamlet De Coverley? I expect to hear next of some confectioner starting a "Tercentenary Lollipop," or a vender of quack medicines advertising "Bill's Pills—the only Real Shakespearean Aperient!" What will foreigners think of us?

There has, I hear, recently left this country, consigned to Nassau, to run the blockade thence to Wilmington, a case of spelling-books, designed to teach the young Confederate idea how to shoot. As may be supposed, something of a southern bias runs through the text, which does not adopt the customary formula of our American cousins and describe the United States as the grandest federation which the world has ever seen and New York as the smartest city in all creation.

The late Mr. Thackeray's effects have been sold during the present week by Christie and Manson. The prices realised were by no means high. Most of the old china went very cheap, and not a single picture fetched so much as five-and-twenty guineas, although there was a Stanfield and a Collins, and doubtful works by Vandervelde, Watteau, Cuypp, Vanloo, and Mytens in the collection. A silver salver, with engraved border, said to be by Hogarth, but on no authority whatever, was knocked down at the satisfactory figure of fifty shillings per ounce; and the silver punch-bowl presented to Thackeray by the publishers of "Vanity Fair" realised almost as high a price.

A new comic and satirical journal, of strong Liberal politics, to be called *Mr. Merryman*, is to make its first appearance, I hear, in the course of next week.

I read that an important sale is shortly to take place in Paris. M. Thiers is about to offer to the world the collection of magnificent engravings which he has been so many years accumulating. His Royal Highness the Prince Imperial is to receive immediate instructions in that necessary diplomatic accomplishment, dancing. Monsieur Petipa, of the Opera, is appointed his *professeur de danse*. I trust that Monsieur Petipa's political opinions are strictly Napoleonic, or dangerous ideas might be infused into the Imperial infant mind during the instructions in the art of how to *chasser* or to *balancer*. Monsieur Guizot is about to publish an answer to, and a refutation of, Monsieur Renan's "Vie de Jésus." The title of M. Guizot's book is to be "Jésus Christ."

#### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Not a single novelty has been offered to the public during the past week. The note of preparation is sounded for Easter Monday.

At DRURY LANE, antiquarians, costumiers, and armourers are busy. Sempstresses are spangling, smiths welding, and stage-managers commanding and countermanning. "Henry IV.," I will not say by William Shakespeare, for I am really tired of writing that time-honoured name, is to be produced with great gorgeousness and correctness of detail. Falstaff is to be acted by two gentlemen, not on account of his enormous size, but by reason of the great physical exertion attendant on the performance of the part. To play Falstaff six times a week would reduce the obstinate obesity of a Bunting. Good actors are scarce, and are bound to husband their resources; so Mr. Phelps and Mr. Addison are to play the "fat knight" alternately.

THE HAYMARKET produces a classical extravaganza, by Mr. F. C. Burnand. It is on the subject of "Venus and Adonis." Adonis is to be played by Miss Louise Keeley, and the Goddess of Love by Miss Nelly Moore, whom playgoers will remember at the St. James's. There is also a new three-act comedy, or, rather, an art-drama, for the month or so following, in which Mr. Sothorn is to appear, in conjunction with Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, and others.

Mrs. Howard Paul is to be the holiday star of the St. JAMES'S, in a new extravaganza founded on the opera of "Fra Diavolo." Mr. John Clarke is to appear as Beppo. The *operaganza*, or *extravaganza*—I make a present to the playbills of both these charming words, my own invention, and not registered—is from the facile pen of Mr. William Brough.

THE OLYMPIC—here I am compelled to pause. The gift of prophecy is given unto few, and I would not be rash. There have been rumours of a new comedy, and of a morality; but I have a solemn conviction upon me that "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" will continue his innocently burglarious career; nay, so sure am I that "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is immortal, and will never come out of the bills, that I intend, if I am living, to see it again in the year 1894, to renew the impressions of the year 1863.

Mr. J. P. Wooler—of whom, by-the-way, the London public sees infinitely too little—has written a new comedietta for the STRAND. It is almost unnecessary to say that Mr. H. J. Byron has a new burlesque in readiness, but I doubt its performance on Easter Monday. "Orpheus and Eurydice" has too strong a hold on the affections of the public for the management to dare to withdraw it from the bills. And has not the Prince of Wales seen it and expressed his approval of it, and more than that, promised that the Princess of Wales shall see it too?—at least, so I hear, and on good authority. To paraphrase the proverb, at what the Prince of Wales laughs the public cannot give; and so I think the new extravaganza will have to bide its time.

THE NEW ROYALTY produces an extravaganza founded on a German legend by the Brothers Grimm. It bears the singular title of "Rumpelstiltskin," and is the work of Mr. F. C. Burnand.

ASTLEY'S is to open with a new sensation drama, in which Miss Teresa Furtado is to appear as the heroine. When this young actress made her successful debut as "Ixion," at the New Royalty, I said that I thought I saw in her eyes and heard in her voice flashes of passion and tones of pathos. I shall feel anxious to report as to the truth of my prediction.

Mr. Woodin reopens the POLYGRAPHIC HALL with a new entertainment, with the double title of "Elopement Extraordinary" and "Bachelor's Box," on Tuesday next. The "E. E." ("Elopements Extraordinary") has been written by Mr. John Oxenford, and the "B. B." ("Bachelor's Box") by Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Fochter has been unable to play for the last few nights on account of an accident to his hand. In his absence the Bel Demonian mantle has fallen on Mr. George Jordan.

THE SIX MEN who enlisted on board the Federal cruiser Kearsage, in Cork Harbour, were put on their trial at Cork on Monday. They all pleaded guilty, and entered into their own recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THEATRICAL TYPES.

## No. VI.—WALKING GENTLEMEN AND LIGHT COMEDIANS.

THE Light Comedian is the actor who represents the characters of young patricians, volatile lovers, voluble swindlers, well-dressed captains, swells in and out of luck, and the upper classes generally on this side of forty years of age. He is purely and entirely the creation of the dramatist, for neither in nature nor in society was the like of this bustling talkative creature ever seen, for the which let nature and society be thankful; for, not excepting neuralgia, snakes, or earnest men with missions, the presence of a high-spirited, high-voiced, highly-dressed hero of comedy is the most intolerable nuisance.

Conceive a boisterous, blatant fellow, in a green coat and brass buttons, buckskin breeches, and boots; or in a blue frock, white waistcoat, and straw-coloured continuations, always talking at the top of his voice, slapping you heavily upon the back, laughing for five minutes consecutively, jumping over the chairs and tables, haranguing a mob from your drawing-room window, going down upon his knees to your daughter or your wife or both, kissing your servant-maid, borrowing your loose cash, and introducing a sheriff's officer to your family as an old college friend, and you form some idea of the type of animal the dramatic writers of the last century forced upon the public as the beau ideal of a gentleman, a blood, and "A fine fellow, Sir; by Gad!"

The actors who represent these scenic monstrosities no more resemble, in their private lives and habits, the nondescript conglomerations of comedy than do the personators of tyrant kings his revered Majesty the late Richard III., or the acknowledged Demon of Melodrama a sable and iniquitous personage, whose mere name shall never be allowed to sullied these pages.

The Light Comedian—when not born of theatrical parents, and fixed in the light comedy groove, and told to rattle on as rapidly as ardent hopes and a thin tongue will permit—may have been a clerk, or an Army Captain, or the son of a poor gentleman or of a widow lady; but, whatever his rank, station, or degree, he belongs to the numerous category of young men of good appearance.

He has usually fine hair and teeth, and what servant-girls call "a yeye like a yawk." He is "dressey," and particular about his "back parting," his hat, and his boots; has a self-conscious sort of walk—half swagger, half skip—and is keenly sensitive as to the tie of his cravat and the fall of his trousers over the instep. He is a well-brushed young man, and at the age of eighteen addicted to perfumes. It is his pride and glory to have a white handkerchief peeping from either his coat-tail or his breast pocket, and he takes it out with a flourish; when he carries a cane it is a light one and has a pretty gold head, and he either swings it jauntily or taps his trousers with it militarily. It must be admitted frankly, it is vanity that brings him on the stage—the desire to dazzle and delight, to wear becoming costumes, carry a sword, bully bailiffs, carry off heiresses, hoax papas, and pink rivals. "Woman, lovely woman," is the toast he is always proposing to himself and always doing honour to, though it must be confessed that he is less in love with the sex than with the honour of being loved by them. It is not the battle he cares for, but the medals.

The Light Comedian applies for an engagement and obtains it. The wily Manager sums him up from boot to Brutus curl, remarks the good stage face—rather flat and common in the daylight—the slender waist, and the round, feminine hips. "Good-looking," thinks the enterprising one. "Servant-girls in the pit, ladies in the boxes." On the strength of his personal appearance, natty tie, neat cane, and rosebudded buttonhole the Mercutio *en brin* receives his commission in the ranks of the provincial theatrical corps as First Walking Gentleman.

The Walking Gentleman is a well-dressed young fellow, always in love. With him "circumstances over which he has no control"—that lengthy paraphrase for poverty—invariably makes the course of true love run as rough as rough can be. Even when he is the heir to large estates some political enmity or irreconcilable family feud—as in the famous case of the Capuletti and the Montecchi—stands between him and his happiness. His only solace is in the waiting-woman of his beloved and the advice of his valet, who invent expedients and make assignments which are either taken advantage of by somebody else, or are frustrated by the preternatural vigilance of stern papas and inexorable duennas. The servant-girls in the pit call him "Poor young man," and the swells in the boxes consider him a "spoon."

It is a peculiarity of the Walking Gentleman that he is always ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. His hands are always in his gloves and his hat ever at his elbow. He is much given to sentiment in soliloquy, and yields to his feelings when alone by saying, "Oh, Diana!" or Louisa, or Belinda, as the case may be. He will order a sumptuous repast for his friend the Light Comedian, when that loquacious personage makes a call on him through the window or down the chimney. He never eats himself, but lives on the expectation of a letter from his beloved, or a message from the waiting-woman or valet before mentioned.

As all Field Marshals—not of Royal birth, and born with cocked hats and plumes upon their heads—have been Ensigns, so all Light Comedians—the Robert William Ellistons, the grand monarchs, excepted—have had to pass through the Walking Gentleman sieve, until their crudities and irregularities are squeezed and strained away.

But, the chrysalis state over, he expands into the brilliant butterfly that on the stage is the delight of heiresses and widows and the terror of guardians. He has gone by the last milestone and entered the hotel where Mrs. Thalia sits the smiling hostess. He is at once a hero, a lover, a rake, a libertine, a duellist, and everything that is charming, radiant, and high-spirited, at no cost of life, limb, liberty, or property. "Vive la bagatelle," and that wonderful, unnatural, conventional, highly-spiced, full-flavoured *potage à la Bohémienne*, called comedy.

Come then the costumer, the wig-maker, and the tailor to take his measure for costumes, wigs, and clothes: and after them—at the respectful distance becoming his inferior calling—the author, to take his measure for a part. As he an Irishman, the scene shall be laid in the county of Galway; if he dance well, the principal incident shall happen in a ballroom; does he speak French, he shall assume the accent of the Gaul; has he a small hand, it shall be frequently alluded to; has he white teeth, he shall laugh continually. Give your orders, gentlemen, the author is in the room.

Having once achieved a London reputation, the Light Comedian's life is one sheen of silk stockings and sparkle of champagne. If he has the good sense to eschew low company society, opens its portals to him, and he may leave the drawing-room for the dressing-room, and the dressing-room for the ball. He may marry—may marry! Whom may he not? Ladies of title have sighed and sighed in vain for these Young Mirabells. The reader will remember the loves of Lady Maria Castelwood and Mr. Hagan, in "The Virginians;" but no, coronetted coquettes! the Light Comedian is not for you. He will marry a soubrette, or a danseuse, or a High Comedy actress; he always chooses his partner from the scenic side of the footlights.

So far, so brilliant, with the successful actor—the fortunate one of the five hundred; but there are so few prizes in this lottery, and so many blanks.

The Light Comedian, after his fortieth or even his fiftieth year, is still believed in by the public. They will not think that a man with such rings and such boots can grow old. They shut their eyes to his "increasing belly," his pendulous jowl, and double chin, until after only a season's absence he returns, and it is discovered that he has "aged wonderfully." "Gone off terribly!" "Quite an old man!" say his former admirers; and the veteran Cupid has to subside into blase rones and old young fashionable fathers.

Terrible is the fate of the provincial artist who, on the down-hill

of life, haunts the provinces in clothes of the cut of twelve fashions ago. Vain are curling-tongs—vain tightly-buckled girths to conceal the ravages of time. Young Rapid has the rheumatism and the "mad Prince" is but a "hoary Hal." The present is an age of trousers and loose, floppy, blouse-like coats. He regrets the neat breeches and trim buckles of his youth—that youth already gone, and daily, hourly galloping still further from him. Terrible thought! He considers the tone of society is vulgarised, and calls the young men, with their short hair and lay-down collars, "prize-fighting Byrons." He is much admired by old ladies, who think him a "picture of a man"—the very moral of some former lover who lies beneath a high-shouldered stone in the cemetery on the London-road.

The London-road! The road the provincial actor looks up so often and so wistfully and never travels. There are no coaches on it now; but a mile away there is a large, calm, massive railway station—a chill, grim, iron, plate-glass, stand-still structure, which, to the rattling mail, its four trotters, scarlet coachman, and tuncful guard, is as the pale, quiet, modern dromedary to the six-bottled, full-blooded comedy of old.

Happy the L. C. who has retired, as many have done, upon a rich wife, and who basks on the sunny side of the principal street attired in the latest fashions, and takes his gentlemanly pinch from a gold snuff-box—a tribute to his talents. He can be as gay and debonaire as ever; fight all his battles o'er again at his club, or at the chief hotel, and go behind the scenes and show the young artists how he used to fly before his wings grew stiff and his colours lost their brilliance.

In the heyday of his popularity the Light Comedian is often troubled with impecuniosity; duns are at his door and bailiffs on his track. This, though galling to the man, touches not the actor, who rattles on the stage as glibly as if he knew not that he was "sorry for" at the wings.

"Waited, Mr. Honeytone," says a gruff man, just as the actor is about to make his entrance, "but it is my dooty. One hundred and fifty-four pound—soot of Skinham."

"Well, wait till I come off the stage," returns Honeytone, naturally and irritably, and then ejaculates in the true, trained, behind-the-scenes voice of the public favourite, "Your mistress alone! I'll go up stairs. Never mind announcing ME!" and trips on before the footlights, to the "Huzzas!" and "Bravos!" of a crowded house.

The janissary of the sheriff debates whether it is not his duty to follow the mercurial debtor, but is dissuaded from his purpose by poor Mrs. Honeytone, who glides into his dirty hand a new, rustling five-pound bank-note.

The carpenters hold council and debate as to whether they should send the legal messenger up into the flies in Heaton's car, or down into the cellar on the grave-trap; but the bailiff is an old hand, and keeps his eye upon his "caption," and declines the tempting powder pot so treacherously offered him.

"I suppose you'll wait till I change my clothes?" asks Honeytone, at the conclusion of the piece.

"Oh yes, Sir!" says the bailiff, feeling the five pounds in his pocket.

"Stop outside the dressing-room door. I won't keep you ten minutes."

The bailiff waits. Four or five persons pass in to speak to the captured actor, and four or five persons pass out again.

"Sorry to trouble you, Sir," calls the bailiff; "but you've been full twenty minutes, and"—

"Come in!" cries a voice—but not the voice of Mr. Honeytone.

The bailiff goes in and finds the stage-manager and the leader of the orchestra both in a state of great hilarity.

Mr. Honeytone had vanished!

Gifted with great facial power, and a rapid dresser, he has passed out before the very eyes of his janitor, in the broad-brimmed hat, Inverness cape, and double eyeglass of the leader.

The disappointed bailiff left the theatre muttering a thousand execrations, and accompanied to the stage-door by a chorus of grinning carpenters. Out in the street he swore revenge.

Two seasons after, Honeytone being again in difficulties—indeed, he had never been out of them—was acting in a burlesque in which he personated the Electric Telegraph. He ascended to the stage from a trap in a square, wicker-work cage painted to resemble the envelope of a telegraphic message. One night, when Invention asked Fancy whether

"She would know

What's happening just now in Jericho?"

To which Fancy replied, "Yes." Invention waved her wand, and not only the huge telegraphic envelope appeared upon the trap, but two dirty-looking men upon each side of it. Invention, startled but not confused, went on.

"This will inform you." "Oh! come, come!" "You laugh!"

So! Open, sealing-wax! Speed, oh Telegraph!"

The despatch opened, Honeytone appeared and was electrified in a most disagreeable manner by being immediately arrested and borne off to a sponging-house. The bailiff had kept his word. As he remarked in the cab, "Revenge was his!"

Debt, difficulties, sickness, and trouble, are the lot of Light Comedians, as of all; and when the limber-tongued rattling actor cheerily asks his kind friends to forgive the follies he has committed in his "Uncle's Villa," or during his "Day in Dunstable," or in his "First Fit of Love," or whatever the title of the farce may be, how can his applauding auditors know what is waiting for him at the curtain's fall?

T. W. R.

## THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

SIX A.M.—THE FIRST UP IN THE MORNING.

So early in the morning, it was at the break of day—and even before the break of day during those winter months, at a time when no respectable sparrow would venture out of the nest to nibble its breakfast of fruit-buds—do those horrible children open their eyes and commence their pranks. They are so healthy, their little hearts work like barn and froth over with fun. If they would only sit up late o' nights, and ruin their constitutions with eight o'clock dinners, they would lie quietly enough o' mornings; but with a bread-and-milk diet and bedtime at seven, how is it possible to prevent their laughing at daybreak?

Who can enumerate the parents' delights in their child? Why does mamma laugh at the little lisping morsel spluttering over a new word? Why does papa stand like a jolly Colossus, smiling proudly on the younger talking baby rubbish to its wooden horse? There are certain waifs and strays of prettiness about infancy which no one but a mother would care to treasure up—the quaint, sly look, the toddling balancing in the journey from chair to chair, the funny ways that make her purr with pleasure like a cat with her kitten frisking on her back. When papa comes home to dinner and finds his knees clasped by baby Billy asking for a kiss, do you think, as he stoops to meet the little upturned face, that his heart does not swell in his bosom and drive the sparkles to his eyes? That one affectionate welcome consoles for bankrupts at ninepence in the pound, for ships not spoken with, and the Bank discount up to eight per cent. These are the secret pleasures that reward those who people the world.

But there is a reverse to the picture. There is a cruel list of trials and griefs which, were any misanthrope wicked enough to catalogue them, would almost put an end to the sale of wedding-rings. What courage and patience are required when sweet Kate is cutting her teeth, and even one wink of sleep is impossible; when Doctor Stuff looks at her inflamed gums, and thinks that in a week or two the white dental spec will be through, and that then the anxious parents, who have not slept for nights, may hope for undisturbed repose! What must poor dear Mrs. Johnson have endured before she discovered her precious soothing syrup! What crushing suffering does even one bottle of infants' preservative imply! Read

down the list of patent medicines offered for the relief of infancy, and conjure up the screaming and nursing they threaten. Whilst Tommy is black and blue, choking with the croup, Jacky next door lies like a patient little lobster, enduring the scarlet fever. Just as pretty Jane is taking dill-water for her stomach-ache, darling Kate is straining her lovely blue eyes with the hooping-cough. These are the griefs which lodge in the parents' joys—these are the trials that force the anxious mother to sit with straining ears, listening for baby's cry, or confine her to the sickroom, stitching by the shaded light and starting each time her treasure stirs in its fevered sleep. Well may married ladies, when they meet together, instantly begin to chit-chat of their children's sufferings. It is their consolation to find that others are as badly off as themselves.

Man, usually, does not suffer so much as woman from the ailments of children. He has, with much ingenuity, termed nursing babies woman's work. The male *homo* differs in sentiments from the cock pigeon, who, sweet bird! not only helps to do the hatching, but attends to the feeding of its fledglings. It is, I am told, a degradation for a father to be seen carrying his child. Either the perambulator or the mother should bear the burden. The sitting up at night and the watching by day are mamma's lot. Once I heard a hard-hearted wretch inform his wife, who only wanted him to nurse his child for an hour or two, "what she thought he had married her for, if he was to do the nursing?" Such a wretch was only fit to work at a washing-machine and darn stockings.

Usually it may be observed that, however much men will endure the annoyances of their own progeny, they stubbornly refuse to be bored with the vexations of their neighbours' produce. The same creature who fondly embraces the pouting lips of his screeching pet, and, with the most coaxing baby's talk, tries to stay its outpourings, will perhaps be the very first to suggest that the infant interrupting the performance of a tragedy by its sobbing should be "chucked over." I never knew a man who liked to sit next to a baby in an omnibus. I confess I, for one, object to it. The innocent darling grabs at your watchguard and tries to force it into its mouth. It tries to eat your coat buttons. It will dishonourably seize your walking-stick and refuse to return it; or it roars because you will not let it pull your whiskers. Yet the women do not mind getting close to the interesting chick. They inquire after its age and the number of its teeth, and they dig fingers in the fat neck and indulge in the untranslatable language of babydom with the utmost enjoyment.

How a man can abuse his feelings to the extreme of marrying a widow with a ready-made family puzzles me. I conclude he has committed some crime and wishes to do penance. What fortune bequeathed by the defunct could compensate for the persecution of the inherited darlings? He had better take to an infant school, and soften his martyrdom with the reflection that he is doing his duty. Once I knew a silly fellow who led to theatre a lady of ample means and the mother of six children. That unfortunate mortal, before one short year had flown, confessed to me that his soul, like Mary Wedlake's oats, was bruised. The eldest boy was possessed of singular strength and courage, and resented a box on the ear with such activity that the father-in-law had to poultice his eye. The others waged war with secret but effective vindictiveness, diluting his ink with oil, cutting the buttons off his trousers, concealing red herrings amid his clean linen, dissolving salt in the choicest port wine, chalking insults on the passage walls, and inserting fishhooks in his Wellington boots. Neither did I pity that man. I called him a cuckoo in the sparrow's nest trying to turn out the legitimate hatch, and recommended him to endure his pecking as if he liked it, and turn aside wrath with frequent "tips."

It has happened to me to reside in a house where, to my astonishment and horror, on the very day after taking possession of my first floor, I discovered that there was a baby concealed within the establishment. This unfair treatment affected me deeply, for not a word had been said respecting incumbrances. I little suspected that people could act with such diabolical deceit, and would be but too ready to conceal their villany. Early on the first morning of my sojourn I was awakened by the unmistakable cry of outrageous childhood. In my innocence I imagined that some brutal parrot had disturbed my slumbers, and rang the bell to order that the noisy bird should either be covered over or destroyed. Then the fearful disclosure was made that it was "our Sarah." Had it been my Sarah, no doubt I should have loved it and enjoyed the pacifying of its broken heart and over-worked lungs; but, as it was *their* Sarah, I swore to be avenged. I nearly killed that child with kindness. To ensure my sleep I indulged that infant in at least half a pound of sweet-meats every day, until its little stomach sickened and its merry little morning screech ceased. The expense was great, but nothing to the invaluable blessing of slumber. When I left that house the unsuspecting parents called me the kindest-hearted gentleman "to children" they had ever known. Their Sarah has, I hear, since recovered, and is again in full morning voice.

I remember, too, that on one occasion I slept with a fine little fellow rising three. He retired to rest at seven p.m., and I sat, talking philosophy with his papa, until two o'clock the next morning. I was aroused, as the clock struck five, by a heavy weight rolling about my countenance, and discovered that my innocent little bedfellow was calmly sitting on my head and chattering abominable nonsense. His nurse did not relieve me until seven, by which time I was severely damaged.

Either children should be put to bed in padded rooms whence no sound can escape, or outhouses should be especially devoted to their use. To confess to a love of children is simply to confess to be human; but my affections are never thoroughly aroused before mid-day. To expect that one's tenderest emotions should be in full play with the daylight is highly absurd and unchristian-like. Amongst my list of friends I feel the greatest pride in placing as the foremost that sweet lady and excellent mother Mrs. Minkey. Into the bosom of that family I am received on such intimate equality that I have been permitted to kiss baby in its nightgown, and have been asked to hear the children repeat their prayers. But I never passed a night under the Minkey roof but once, and never will I do so again.

At six a.m. the five sweet cherubs of my friend Mrs. Minkey commence their pranks for the day. Baby—dear Julius—begins by crowing and boxing at the flies, and in time he arouses Clara, who kicks Horace, who crawls on to Emily, who nearly pushes Rose out of bed. That affectionate little angel, Clara, never would, from an infant, go to bed without something to cuddle, and her favourite nurseries is a kitten, which she, sweet ignorant pet, insists on mis-calling a rabbit. Directly Clara is conscious she cries for her rabbit, and a hunt commences which may be heard from the back coal-cellar to the furthestmost garret.

The kittens that are squeezed to death in Mrs. Minkey's house would yearly fill a bandbox. All the mischief that occurs in those early morning hours are solely due to kittens. Either baby is disfigured with a scratch as long as the red-ink lines of a ledger, or in the struggles for possession Clara is pitched head foremost on to the floor, or Horace and Clara fight and pull each other's hair until it is a mercy they are not baldheaded for the remainder of their days. A pretty game, which has never failed to keep them very quiet, is playing at "winter," and hiding pussy in the snow, and for this purpose the feather bed is torn open and the contents spread about the room. The white feathers well distributed on the carpet have quite the effect of a severe frost. When Mrs. Minkey first heard of this extraordinary performance, instead of giving way to anger she smiled and blessed her children, exclaiming, "The darlings, how clever!"

Who does not love children? I certainly prefer them in the afternoon, with their silken hair nicely brushed, and their pretty clothes on; but rather than be without their sweet voices and angel faces I would turn cradle-rocker at the Foundling and learn baby songs, besides mixing pap and jingle-jangling in the approved nursery style.

In proof of my softness of heart towards the helplessness of infancy, I will mention that I have before now obliged a fine yearling boy with the loan of my white cambric handkerchief, and have wheeled a perambulator half way up Regent-street.

A. M.



SIX P.M.—HOME FROM  
BUSINESS.

Isn't it quite a mistake to suppose that the influences of commerce tend to blunt the sensibilities, and to take off, as it were, that fine edge of sympathy which belongs to the highest development of our nature? Are there not thousands of men who go forth every day to their business of buying and selling with as brave a determination to be true and honourable as though the credit of the country were in their keeping? Well, there are many such, at all events; and, as most of the axioms of trade morality are dead against the very diligent cultivation of exalted qualities, let all such men have due praise.

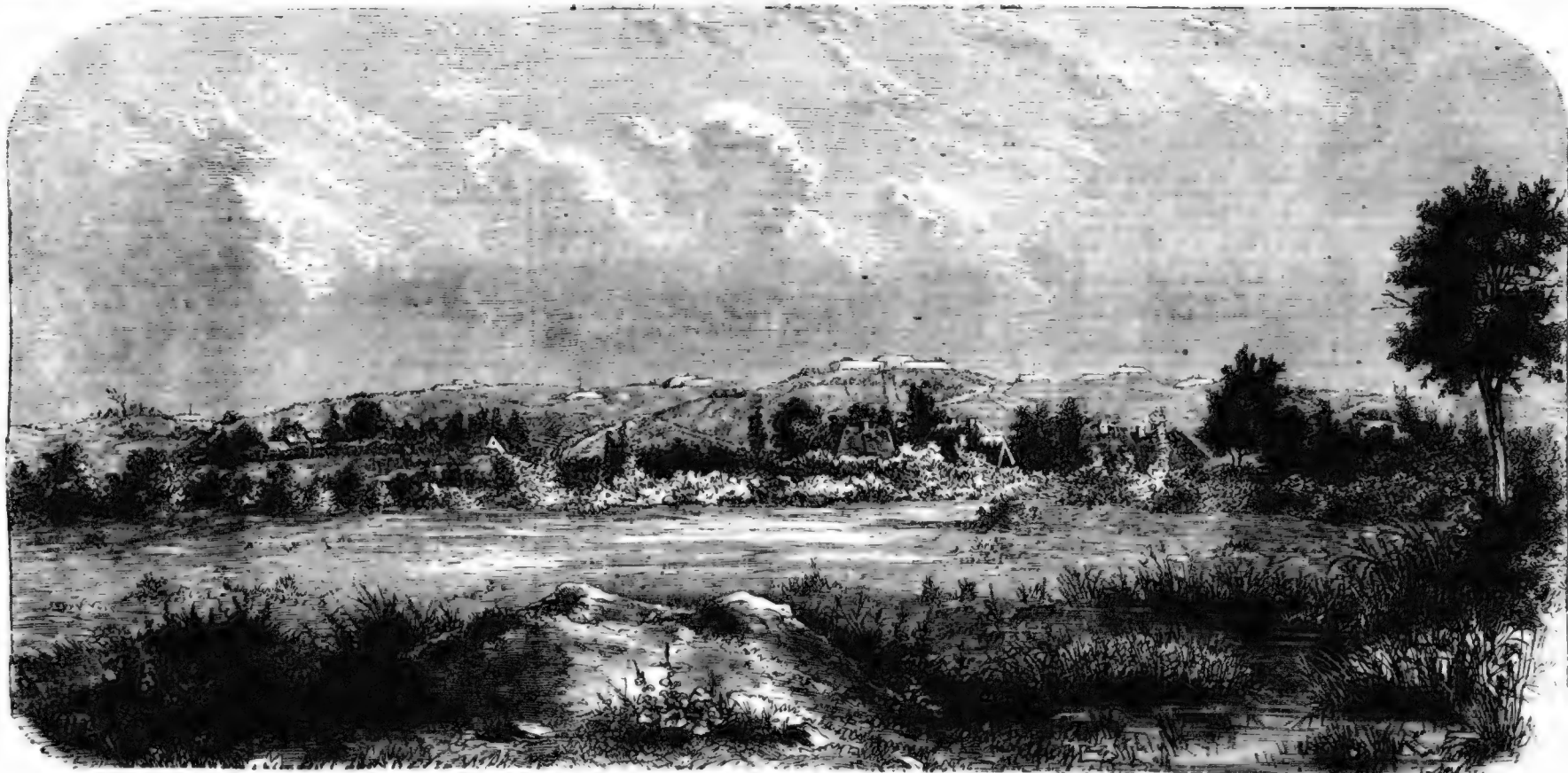
The domestic affections, after all, are at the foundation of all national virtue; and of these, men of business may claim to exhibit their full share. The regular passengers of the homeward-bound omnibuses plying from City to suburbs may be regarded as suggestive of our reputation for commercial success and integrity; and those natty coats, glossy hats, and highly illustrative trousers which every evening grace the roofs of such vehicles, and belong especially to Capel-court, Cornhill, and Mincing-lane, are but the uniform of a great mercantile corps which does very hard battle, and, after all its day's strife and bargaining, returns to purer domestic joys. How Dalston, Camden Town, New Cross, Sydenham, Clapham, Notting-hill, Brompton, and the remoter regions of Leytonstone, Edmonton, and Buckhurst-hill await their coming; and what a triumphant return it is for each to burst into his glad household, still bearing in his button-hole the flower which has reminded him of home during the burden and heat of the day—which has been worn on 'Change, or cherished in the office in a phial, opening its glorified petals amidst sample bottles, papers of dye-stuffs, and heaps of "myrabolams!"

And there are temptations and dangers to overcome, or they will rob him of this reward. There are snug, out-of-the-way resorts not a stone's throw from the Royal Exchange; dim caverns at the basements of buildings, where people may sit on cushioned benches and drink "old crusted port," brought to them in bottles cunningly enveloped in cobwebs and sawdust; seductive "shades," where the aroma of choice cigars



"THE MOTHER'S KISS."—(FROM THE PICTURE BY TOULMOUCHE.)

may be enjoyed in a dim twilight, and conversation is subdued to that quiet level which befits dry sherry and filberts, with the run of the saltcellar and a tray of unleavened biscuits; queer old taverns, celebrated for "point steaks" and acurios recipe for making punch; ornamental cellars, whence men come up into the garish daylight flushed and uncertain of their whereabouts, but scorning the dinner which has already been put back for their coming, and ready to yield a feeble acquiescence to the tempters who propose finishing the evening with a game of cards or at the play. And what a finishing! What a pretty going home from business! How the culprit misses the shout of welcome from those merry little voices which are long ago hushed in the sleep of innocent childhood! With what a guilty sense of uncertainty his fevered hand grasps the knob of the door to steady himself while he waits for admission! With what a vain effort to appear unconcerned or absorbed in serious considerations he replies—in answer to certain inquiries—that he has had important business with Booser; or has had some accounts to examine with Flushy! That subdued, sorrowful face which looks into his across the hearth, can read his cowardly soul, and pities him, doubtless; still, he would rather be taken to task by harsh complaints than by that mute appeal. The supper goes away untasted, the morning brings remorse and that buzzing headache which ensues after old port and Evans's; breakfast is a protracted agony, and he goes to town a sadder and a wiser man, but with no flower in his button-hole. Ah, yes! there are many lurking foes to battle with. There is that little dinner at Blackwall to settle the wager between Gollightly and Trotter of the Stock Exchange; there is the meeting of the Longbow Club, which consists of only half a dozen men, whose names are "good on 'Change," and who like to feed together once a month at a select "coffee-house," where there is a Hindoo cook, and where very few people drink coffee until they have lost their appetite for Madeira. A rising man ought to take every opportunity of standing well with Jobbins and Slawker, and especially with Carboy, who is one of the Corporation, and could, if he pleased, put you into a



THE WAR IN DENMARK: VIEW OF THE HEIGHTS OF DUPPEL, LOOKING EAST.—(PAGE 190.)



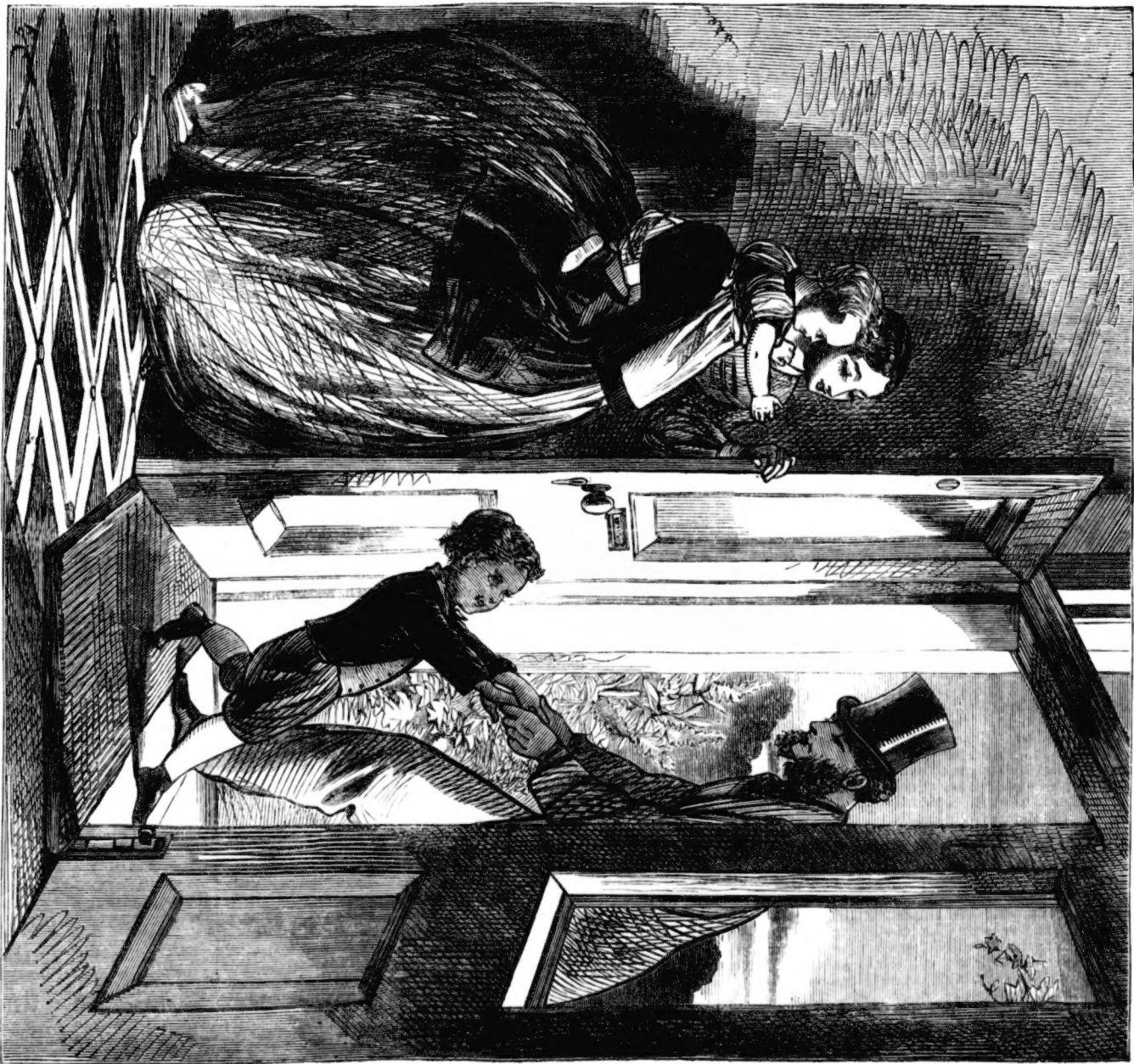


SIX O'CLOCK A.M.: THE FIRST UP IN THE MORNING.

good thing any day, only he never *does* please, having joined the reforming party, who are pledged to repudiation and general suppression of debts and salaries. Then there are bachelor friends—friends of his *own* bachelorhood: what a warfare they wage against the peace of the man who desires to do his duty at once by society and his own family! They are the guerrillas, the irregular contingent of the commercial army; and how can any man expect the wife of his bosom to tolerate them? Indeed, he may have found out long ago that there is no more cruel and unreasoning jealousy than that of a young wife against her husband's bachelor friends. They don't deserve it, poor fellows! Three times out of five they have had a disappointment, or have lacked courage and opportunity, and so continue to live on unearned-for and therefore in a careless condition. But their lives are not altogether made up of supper-parties, cigars, cards, comic songs, and lachryms. They have higher and holier aspirations, of which so few people suspect them that they have begun to disbelieve in them themselves. Surely, if any kindly sweet-tempered

charming young wife, who has tried to make these old acquaintances of her husband welcome to his new and happier home, knew the sort of grateful adoration with which they regard her; how they refrain from asking the husband to stay out late, and even give him friendly warning by reminding him of her who is anxious for him at home: how they sometimes mention her name almost with tears in their eyes, and altogether love and honour her;—if she knew all these things, I say, surely she would think her sympathies well bestowed and amply repaid.

Its recompense is often found in her husband's increased regard for her—in that she knits much of his past life to the present, and often that part of it which was noblest and best. For, hard as it may be for most women and for many men to believe,—the friendships of our youth, lasting till we have attained maturity, have in them a strength and tenderness of regard which differ only in kind and degree from that nearest and dearest



SIX O'CLOCK P.M.: HOME FROM BUSINESS.

of all love which waits on wifehood. With what a cold shudder, then, does a man notice that jealous reticence of tone, and look, and gesture which shut out from herself all the wealth of friendship that satiated his soul before he knew her; with what a joyful appreciation he observes the cordial welcome which, embracing him, believes in all that he has learned to love. This is sentimental. Well, perhaps it is; and "going home from business" is sentimental, and there is a world of sentiment in the childish, boisterous welcome of the little fellow who rushes out to seize upon papa as fast as his knickerbockered legs can carry him—sentiment in the crowing recognition of baby. Nay, there might be something said about the flowering shrubs in the trim garden, and about the very street door, innocent of a latchkey and hospitably open even to poor Solus, who comes in sometimes with a cigar and stays smoking till after midnight, when he and his old friend take their grog over the kitchen fire and don't laugh too loud lest they should wake the little sleepers up stairs.

T. A.

### "THE MOTHER'S KISS."

"God bless Papa and Mama." The first petition which our childish lips have been taught to frame seems to gain earnestness by its association with her whose kiss is a seal of safety and love during the darkness of night; whose bosom is our sanctuary where evil cannot come; whose tender caresses spring from that great maternal love which believes all things and hopes all things in its abiding self-sacrifice. Have false friendships, unrequited affections, unworthy passions ever effaced the memory of the first and purest devotion which blessed us in the very outset of our life? Strong men, fighting not always wisely with the world, wake sometimes from a dream of sin, and shame, and danger with a yearning cry, as though they were yet children; a cry for her whose love might have been strong enough to hold them back from the evil influences of their later years had they but listened to its pleading. Women who have themselves mothers, look upon their own children and remember with a kind of awe with what a mystery



of affection, hitherto unknown to them, their own infancy was associated. Men and women, old and grey, drop all their load of years in dreams sometimes, and are revisited by those terrors of their childhood which were wont to make night terrible, and then, struggling to half-wakefulness but still dreaming, think they see the dear protector, feel her gentle kisses, and hear her encouraging voice, and so fall asleep again with a sense of peace and security. Yes, even from the most terrible conditions, when the young mother strains her wailing infant to her breast in one wild embrace, and leaves it for ever to strangers who can feed it when she cannot, to the constant watchfulness and care of the woman who looks upon her children as those for whom she is accountable to God, there is something in this love which we can never compass. It is because this feeling is universal that a picture like that of M. Toulmouche is more interesting by its suggestions than many a more pretentious work which deals with subjects less personal.

### THE MULREADY COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE collected works of that industrious veteran William Mulready, now resting from his long labours in peaceful Kensal-green, form an interesting—and to artists a valuable—study. It is curious to observe the diligence of the man—his earnest essays after truth in several ways; for one of the first things to strike you in the collection is that such varied styles of paintings should all be the work of one artist.

Let our young artists fail not to visit this exhibition, for this patriarch of their tribe, though dead, yet speaks to them from the walls, and the text of his homily is industry—a virtue too often neglected elsewhere than at the easel.

In his earlier paintings his landscapes are the most prominent. No. 3 in the South Kensington collection is a fine example of this style. The old house with a watery sun shining upon it stands out well against a stormy sky; and in No. 21, a quaint gable with leaden clouds prophetic of rain behind them, gives another proof of the artist's appreciation of nature.

In Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 20 we find examples of another style. These careful studies—picturesque bottles and earthenware—will repay a close inspection. They show traces of the Dutch school, and are widely apart from the class of paintings which his later years produced.

It seems hardly possible that these pictures should have been produced by the same hand that caught in others—take his "Gravel-Pits" for an instance—the larger effects of light and shade and the rich tints of the broken ground. But these are full of merit, and give undeniable proofs that versatility is not necessarily the same thing as shallowness.

In his earlier paintings, strangely enough, Mulready seems to fail in one particular for which his later paintings are especially observable. His figures are unsatisfactory—often weak—as, for example, in the "Carpenter's Shop" (19), in which the accessories are worked up with infinite care and minuteness, while the woman's figure is flat and feeble in comparison.

In the "Barber's Shop" (35) we are reminded of Mulready's contemporary, Wilkie. The figures here are far better, and the humour is rich and racy as the colouring. From the date of this painting we find his figure-subjects becoming more frequent and improving. Although grey in tone and somewhat disfigured by the building in the background, "The Fight Interrupted" is a picture that, once seen, will never be forgotten. It is full of character, from the young pugilists up to the Dominie himself, who is healing the breach of the peace. Compare this picture with "Punch" and it will be readily seen that even in such a short space of time as three years this most industrious of painters made rapid strides. In 1815, when he painted the Fight, he was elected an A.R.A., and in the following year became R.A., and presented his "diploma picture" to the Academy. It is entitled "The Village Buffoon" (47), and, like many "diploma pictures," is not one of his best works. The figure of the woman, before whom the old man is posturing, is very real and characteristic, but the old man himself is feebly painted, and his attitude wants meaning. Is he making love to the shy-looking girl? We cannot guess, for the story is not a plain one. There is no difficulty, however, in reading the story of "The Wolf and the Lamb" (49). In that the whole history, from the first threat of the bully to the weak little lad down to the interference of the alarmed mother, is plain to read, and perhaps a wee bit too painful, if you think it over. "The Convalescent from Waterloo," again, is plain enough in its story of the soldier limping to the field where the great fight was to find two ragged urchins struggling there in mimicry of the strife. But the canvas is too large for the subject, the background lacks force, and the wrestlers seem only carelessly painted. A still less satisfactory picture is "The Portrait of the Countess of Dartmouth" (50), where the minute rendering of the accessories only makes more apparent the meagreness and flatness of the face.

"The Origin of a Painter" (56) is, for so careful a man as Mulready, a slovenly piece of work, that will not bear comparison with some of his earlier paintings even—"The Music Lesson" (24), for example, a picture very interesting as containing Mulready's portrait of himself. This is a charming picture, so superior to some of his early ones that it is doubtful if it were painted so early as the catalogue states. Of Mulready's later pictures most are well known. "The Cannon" (57), with its group of folk watching the excited young artilleryman (note especially the woman and child on the threshold); "The Travelling Druggist" (55), with its rich colour but somewhat chalky painting of the children's heads; "The Sailing Match" (66), with the reluctant boy lingering on the road to school to watch some idle lads holding a paper regatta; "The Last In" (74), with Dominie bowing satirically to Master Lag-last; "Crossing the Ford" (85), "The Sonnet" (80) (in which we cannot help thinking the girl's attitude vulgar), "The Whistonian Controversy" (87), "Shooting a Cherry" (95), "Giving a Bite" (73), all these are familiar to the public. Then there is that most exquisite of all his works, "Choosing the Wedding Gown" (90), as sweet in composition and conception as it is rich in colouring; and the colouring would have delighted the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," who had an admiration for plum-coloured velvet.

The "Toy-seller" (76) is not quite so pleasing. It lacks roundness and relief, though the negro's head is fine. "Train up a Child" (86), another rendering of the same idea, is better, as a whole, though the child's attitude is theatrical, to our mind. "The Seven Ages" (78) is cold in tone and a little too huddled in composition, and "First Love" is rather strange than pleasing. "The Interior of an Artist's Studio" (83) is a better specimen of Mulready's best style. It is full of poetry, and almost Italian in richness.

But the most notable thing, to our mind, in the collection is the excellence of Mulready's animal-painting. His dogs are portraits. Wherever they appear, in "Choosing the Wedding Gown" or "Shooting a Cherry," in high life or low life, they would delight Dr. Brown's heart. His horses are no less good; and in No. 43 he has achieved a success in portraiture that makes one regret that he is not alive to paint some of the National Shakespeare Committee. "Puppies' Heads" (no offence meant) and a "Dog of Two Minds" should be looked for and studied.

In addition to the paintings, Mulready's sketches in the life school are exhibited. Here we find the secret of the delight with which we look at his nude figures in Nos. 96 and 97, and indeed at all his later figures. Such splendid studies, such marvels of truthful care, we seldom have the luck to see; and we are inclined to think this portion of the exhibition the most valuable—certainly to the student, who should bear in mind the dead painter's words quoted in the catalogue, "I have, from the first moment I became a visitor in the life school, drawn there as if I were drawing for a prize."

A word about this catalogue before we conclude. Do the South Kensington authorities think the public intelligence to be so defective that it needs such explanations as "a child half undressed is seated on a low stool giving some milk to a kitten on the top of a barrel," or is this only done to swell the sheets to threepenny size? If the inventory system had been extended to pictures which really

need explanation we could see no objection; but while "The Village Buffoon" is dismissed without a word, we are favoured with the information that No. 97\* is "a female figure, with her back to the spectator, standing in the water. Other figures are grouped near her." At all events, if this were necessary, a little revision with a view to grammar would have been advisable. For instance, in "The Seven Ages," the sentence "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, his attendant endeavours to awaken the attention of the childish man to the salutation of one only less ancient than himself," does not mean, according to Lindley Murray, what it is intended to say by its author.

A simple enumeration of titles and dimensions, without any of this priggish text, would have formed a catalogue far handier and cheaper, and one which would have included the sketches as well as the oil paintings.

### Literature.

*Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia.* By EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Amongst what Mr. Carlyle calls the "dismal sciences," diplomacy is fairly entitled to claim a front place. Perhaps, such subjects as "rent," and the "law of settlement and rating," may have their special points of valuable density for laborious under-secretaries and terrified third-class clerks; but, upon the whole, a few thousand incomprehensible pages concerning a dignified diplomatic nothing are likely to be as dismal as anything that our insular fogs can produce. Why, then, should Mr. Eastwick print between six and seven hundred pages concerning his three years' diplomatic residence in Persia? and the answer is, because Persia is a gay place, and Mr. Eastwick can write well about it, scarcely touching on the diplomatic part of the business. Going out as Secretary of Legation, the author found himself, consequent upon a variety of circumstances, accredited *Chargé d'Affaires*; and he had just time to arrange the matter of the electric telegraph through Persia to India, in which his predecessor had failed, when he was suddenly recalled to England, a proceeding for which not a line of information appears to have been given. This seems but little to have accomplished during a three years' residence; but, during the period, Mr. Eastwick had travelled far away into Kurasan, apparently with no other object than to say that England did not intend to interfere in the squabble of Persia with the Cabul provinces. There is precisely all the diplomacy; and, as the telegraph is being constructed, and nobody cares more for the squabble than did the English Government at the time, all diplomatic matters connected with these volumes had better at once be politely bowed out.

Like many travellers, Mr. Eastwick sets out by telling the world that it knows nothing about the country "whence he came." To begin with, he does not go to join the legation at poetic Ispahan, but to Tehran, the real capital of the Shah's dominions. The voyage may be passed over. At Constantinople a treasure of a servant is picked up; a Persian who knows Turkish and a little English. The little of this knowledge, however, is, as usual, a dangerous thing. The master usually talks Persian with his servant, by way of practice; but one day, wanting an Irish stew, he asks Rahim if he knows what that is? "Of course," is the reply; "Aristu (Aristotle) was a great philosopher, and the friend of Plato." The journey through the Russian provinces is interesting, but in no way calculated to improve English ideas of the places and people. Fleas, flies, and filth appear to abound; and, indeed, there are seldom half a dozen pages together that do not contain a record of particular instances of the ravages made by these active insects and their more sluggish companions, who, by-the-way, are far more agile than those in our own country, and by no means afford lassitude on account of the climate. "Such coarse, black-ribbed gentry I had never beheld before. There was no concealment or scuttling away, as with the genuine London bug; but a dogged, Russian tenacity of purpose which made me retreat at once to the table, where I lay, with a lighted candle on each side, on the watch for any fresh assailant." But, in justice to these detestable legions, it must be said that they are less ferocious towards their own countrymen, who, however, have plenty to submit to without entomological tortures. At Gargarief Mr. Eastwick encountered a Prince —, commanding a regiment of five battalions, and whose coach did not arrive at the precise moment. The Prince started, hyena-like, called for the subaltern in command, reviled him, struck him with his fists and with a whip all over the body, face, and head, and wound up by kicking him with heavy boots with all his force. These accounts of the ferocities of Russian bugs, men, and fleas are agreeably relieved by a constant shower of amusing anecdotes of M. B——, the author's travelling companion, an "original," as he may be called, because he is always imitating—his imitative powers finally culminating in washing himself all over, saying, with conscious pride, "Je me lave à l'Anglais."

Before reaching Tehran, a glimpse at Mount Ararat is at least curious:—

I found it less easy to realise the great height of Ararat from Erivan than I did when I had gone farther from it. Having a capital yemshik and good horses, we reached Kamaria, twenty-seven versts and a half, at 8.20 a.m. Ararat then stood before us seemingly more vast and towering than when we started. On comparing it with the surrounding mountains it certainly seemed three times higher than any of them. It impressed me more than anything I had seen since I left Constantinople. Certainly, after Jerusalem, there are few localities more interesting in a Scriptural point of view than Ararat, and in itself it is a wonderful object. The first thing that struck me was the exceeding fitness of the place for the resting of the ark. On the very summit is a platform or terrace with three descents, and then a long ridge, giving the idea of a very practicable passage down to the lower hills. Then, the region below is so suited for tillage, and, above all, for the culture of the grape, of which Noah seems to have set the example. Apropos of this, I observed an old man, a very patriarch, with a grey beard, and a comely strapping, with black close-curling locks, going forth to their work in the fields. They were just such figures as a painter might have taken for Noah and his son Ham.

Persian cities appear to be built of bricks and mud. The latter has some advantages. It is cool, not calculated to catch fire, and can be built ten times over for the price of bricks. Handsome buildings there are, but the majority are plain enough, and depend for appearance upon the magnificent scenery around. The English residency is described in most dolorous tones—say, something between a workhouse and the officers' quarters in Buckingham Palace or the Bank of England. But the living is good—there being an endless variety of game, and, of course, the most delicious fruits. There is mutton, but no beef, and Christians are in no mood to eat swine, which is always unhealthy food in a hot climate. Servants are very expensive; but, with a little firmness and decision, they may be rendered very useful and honest. The infelicitous condition of the water seems to be prominent amongst the annoyances. There is no comfort or cleanliness. The Persians have a theory that nothing can pollute running water; and so a man may be drinking in one spot, and close by another may be washing his beard, a third rinsing out dirty basins, and a party of women be washing foul linen. The reservoir at the residency is described as containing something more like slime than aquaparis; and toads, frogs, efts, and kindred horrors were scrambling about in every direction. Riding is the chief amusement at Tehran. The English ride after game, there being no foxes, and enlist the services of greyhounds in place of harriers or foxhounds. But the Russians, who in most Persian matters are considerably in advance of ourselves, prefer pedalian exercise or gambling; whilst the French study and talk, and the Turks mope and smoke. Indeed, everybody smokes—the pipe being part of your very salutation. Amongst Persian natural features must be mentioned their horse-riding, which is splendid; their horse-racing, which fairly eclipses anything that Epsom or Newmarket can show; and their passion for scribbling wherever space for an inscription can be found. In this matter, however,

\* By-the-way, pictures Nos. 96 and 97 are wrongly numbered in the catalogue, and the descriptions must be read like a game at cross questions.

the usual thing is a line or two of sentiment from Hafiz, and not the vulgar slang and egotism which distinguishes the Great Briton in recording that he "visited this place, and brought his Mary Ann, on such and such a day." Corruption is decidedly rife. One system, known in Russia, seems to be well carried out in Persia—that of employing, say a thousand men on paper, but having only half that number in the flesh. An instance is given of a smart young officer of artillery, in a place of authority, whose pay was no more than 500 tumans, or £210 per annum; but a little reckoning of the difference between paper and flesh showed that his gains were at least 4000 tumans, or eight times the amount of his pay.

During a political mission through the Caspian provinces the Russians are the subject of more commentary. Miss Rye and her followers will be glad to hear that in those regions, otherwise lavishly gifted by Providence, there is a great want of ladies. The Russian officers are ready to worship them. "Observing an elderly midshipman kiss a fair hand in a very fervid, impressive manner, I attempted to quiz the lady, who said, very seriously, 'M. So-and-So is so very much in love with me that it is quite embarrassing. My husband has reasoned with him and begged him to conquer his feelings; but he says he can't. So he comes every day—to teach me algebra!'"

Returning to Persia proper, Mr. Eastwick hits upon a curious theory concerning the climate:—

We passed numbers of charcoal-burners, who, according to my theory, do as much injury to Persia as the Turkmans. In spite of the coal-mines which exist in every part of the Elburz, near Hamadan, and in many other places, the whole population of Persia warm their houses and cook their food with charcoal. Let any one, then, compute the amount of wood required to supply ten millions of people yearly with charcoal, and he will have an idea of the number of trees destroyed every year in Persia. My theory is that in former ages, in the time of Darius, for example, Persia was more wooded, and that the fall of rain was greater, and that as the destruction of the forests diminished the supply of rain, the decrease of vegetation and of atmospheric moisture went acting on one another in an increasing ratio, so that in many tracts neither trees are left nor water. In a similar manner the woods on the Volga are being destroyed for fuel for the steamers, and no doubt this will produce a change in the climate of that region ere long.

A glimpse at the Shah, and another at his jewels, will have the double effect of gratifying curiosity and exciting envy:—

Nâsir'ud din Shah, the present ruler of Persia, is thirty-two years of age, five feet six inches high, well and rather strongly made, with black and long moustaches but no beard, hazel eyes, and a mild, good humoured expression. He stood to receive the foreign envoys. Round his neck were six strings of pearls and emeralds, each gem of which might have been an Earl's ransom, and he wore a diamond aigrette in his lamb-ear cap that would have been a dowry for an Empress. The scabbard of his sword was studded so thickly with diamonds from hilt to point, that a ray of light could not have entered between them, and was worth, they said, a quarter of a million sterling. In face of that blaze of jewels our policemen's coats and gold lace looked utterly mean.

In such a show of gems as seemed to realise the wonders of Aladdin's lamp the eye was too much dazzled and the memory too confused for description to be possible. But I remember that at the back of all was the Kalanian crown, and on either side of it two Persian lambskin caps adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds. The crown itself was shaped like a flower-pot, with the small end open and the other closed. On the top of the crown was an uncut ruby, apparently without flaw, as big as a hen's egg. In front of the crown were dresses covered with diamonds and pearls, trays with necklaces of pearls, rubies, and emeralds, and some hundreds of diamond, ruby, and turquoise rings. In front of these again were gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kalanian belt, about a foot deep, weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. Still nearer to us stood a drinking-bowl, completely studded with enormous jewels, a tray full of foreign orders set in brilliants, and in front of all lay a dozen swords, one or two of which are worth a quarter of a million each. Along with these were epaulettes covered with diamonds, and armlets so contrived that the brilliants revolved and kept up a continual shimmer.

It was difficult among so many to single out particular gems. Perhaps, however, the first place ought to be assigned to the famous Daryâ-i-Nûr, or "Sea of Light," the sister diamond to our Panjab trophy, the Kûh-i-Nûr, or "Mountain of Light." It is an inch and a half long, an inch broad, and three eighths of an inch thick.

Another very large diamond is the Taj-i-Humâ, or "Diadem of the Phoenix." It seemed to me as big as the top of a man's thumb. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw, and I remarked a smaller one of unique beauty, three quarters of an inch long, and three eighths of an inch broad; the colour was lovely, and almost as refreshing to the eyes as Persian poets pretend. There are also many sapphires, as big as marbles, and rubies and pearls the size of nuts; and I am certain that I counted nearly a hundred emeralds, from half an inch square to an inch and three quarters long and an inch broad. In the sword scabbard, which is covered with diamonds, there is not, perhaps, a single stone smaller than the nail of a man's little finger. Lastly, there is an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who had possessed it.

The famous Pitt diamond is in the collection of the Shah, it having been sent in a ring by George IV. to Fâ'h Ali Shah. The French Envoy was plotting to keep the English Envoy, Sir Harford Jones, out of the capital; and at last Sir Harford said, "Well, I suppose, then, I must return, and this must return with me," showing the Pitt diamond ring. The sight was too much. The ring was triumphant, and French diplomacy was "nowhere" for a time.

The disputes between the Shah and the Doat have entered into a totally new phase since the death of the latter, and the earlier part of the subject may safely be avoided here. The journey through Kurasan is a tedious affair, and the beauties of the city of Meshed no compensation. The great mosque, however, is described in glowing terms. Mr. Eastwick, in fact, is prepared to make the most of it, as the visit he paid nearly cost him his life. The Meshedis cannot tolerate Christians in their sacred edifices, and the author was goodnaturedly entrapped by a stupid old dignitary who ought to have known better.

In parting from these volumes, we have only to say that they are full of fresh information, given in a good, pointed style. But a good amount of sifting and condensation would have been advantageous. Much of the book is in no way concerning Persia; and the whole of the "Journal," as the book is called, is, unfortunately, literally journal—that is, a kind of account kept day by day, and necessarily diffuse. What was more wanted was that careful writing which should have been founded on the journal. However, between public, author, and publisher, the case is awkward. The public want neatly-written, short books, but are not prepared to pay heavy prices for them. The publishers, on the other hand, desire heavy-priced books, for certain advertising reasons, and therefore demand two volumes where one would suffice. Between these two stools the author must sometimes come to the ground. In such a dilemma we can at least recommend readers to pick up Mr. Eastwick.

*England's Workshops.* By Dr. G. L. M. STRAUSS, C. W. QUIN, JOHN C. BROUGH, THOMAS ARCHER, W. B. TEGEMEIER, and W. J. PROWSE. Groombridge and Sons.

This is a pleasantly instructive book for the general reader; but it is, besides, capable of being put to a very important use. There is a time (as every father of boys is aware) when the young rascals raise a great rother about what they would like to be. At that time you may put this book into their hands as a help, and with good effect. They can go over a number of "workshops" without stirring from home, and make guesses as to their proper vocations with, at least, the advantage of a little antecedent knowledge.

One of the gentlemen concerned in getting up this book asks what becomes of all the old pianos? A youngster answers that they are chopped up into concertinas; but it is surely more probable that the old material, if at all useable, is furnished up and made to do service a second time in cheap pianos and other articles of furniture.

*Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* With Pictures by the best artists, including J. E. Millais, John Tenniel, J. D. Watson, G. J. Pinwell, T. Dalziel, and A. B. Houghton. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Ward and Lock.

We can give ungrudging praise to the manner in which this edition of the "Arabian Nights" is illustrated. Tastes differ, and there is always room for criticism; but nobody will deny the merit of these pictures. Nor do they fall off—the March number being, perhaps, the best of the three.



## LAW AND CRIME.

THE present week has been signalised by the holding of the annual licensing meetings of the justices of the peace for Middlesex and Surrey. Such occasions are invariably followed by grief upon the part of unsuccessful applicants who find themselves debarred from entering upon trade by an adverse decision of the justices, who act arbitrarily in these matters and consider themselves by no means bound to give any reason whatever for their decisions. From a perusal of the License Act (9 Geo. IV., cap. 61) it certainly appears to us that the powers conferred thereby upon the justices are constantly overstrained. The 10th section of the Act seems clearly enough to limit the jurisdiction of the justices to the question of the fitness of the proposed house for public accommodation, and to that also of the qualification of the person applying for a license. Now, nothing is more notorious than that the justices have extended their power to the decision of whether a public-house be required in a certain neighbourhood, and whether the competition of a new tavern with some already established house in the vicinity may not tend to the disadvantage of the latter. And hereupon they take upon themselves to decide, with the usual lamentable results of amateur administration of the law. They maintain, by their views of this subject, the system of beerhouses, which is one of the greatest curses of our country. The beer-shop-keeper, unable to obtain a fair tradesman's profit upon malt liquor sold exclusively, vend an adulterated and, in most cases, a deleterious article, to the injury of the public. Meanwhile, the publican, protected from competition by the justices, in pursuance of their usurped authority, makes such profits as enable him to render his bar an attraction to the poorer classes, and thus encourages the vices of intoxication and of extravagance in drink. Hence the pedestrian may see, on the one hand, the dazzling gin-shop, and, on the other, the dingy beer-shop: one the resort of plotting thieves, and the other of emaciated sots. The respectable tavern of the old class, with its extensive custom among private families, is becoming rarer every day. Moreover, this power of the justices gives them an influence which is by no means to be despised, and which, if there be any truth in constantly repeated rumours, is not always exercised with impartiality upon consideration of the merits of individual cases. It is true that brewers and distillers who may happen to be justices are not allowed to vote upon questions of licensing; but it is, nevertheless, equally true that these gentlemen not unfrequently happen to occupy the position of justices, and that it is not uncommon to hear complaints that, while no license is ever refused to a house in which a certain person (brewer or distiller) has an interest, a licensee is invariably refused to any applicant seeking to establish a rivalry on behalf of an adverse merchant. We cannot consider such a restriction of trade to have been contemplated by the framers of the Act of Parliament, and we repeat that this practical construction of the statute appears to us to be a straining of the law.

The convict Hall, condemned to death at Warwick for the murder of one of the most worthless of wives, whom he killed under circumstances of maddening provocation, has been reprieved after Sir George Grey had distinctly announced his intention not to interfere with the sentence. Consideration of further evidence is alleged to be the cause of this sudden change of Sir George's determination. But this excuse can scarcely be maintained, inasmuch as the facts urged in extenuation were known to and commented upon by Sir George in the first instance. The right hon. gentleman has more than once proved himself to be immovable by pressure from below, and a theory hereupon which gains some credence is that the pressure has now come from a superior quarter. It is, we believe, strictly loyal and proper to attribute all acts of severity to the executive, and all grace and pardon to the Sovereign, and perhaps this principle may be applied with even more than ordinary justice to the present instance of a reprieve which is officially announced to be by command of her Majesty.

A broker, named William Henry Wild, called upon a lodger in the house of a Mr. Fox, of Union-street, Lambeth, and demanded £1 due for arrears of rent. The tenant said he would see the landlord and pay a part or the whole of the debt, and the broker withdrew. Three days afterwards the tenant paid 10s. to his landlord; but on the following day the broker broke open the door of the debtor's apartment and carried off a chimney-glass, a bed, and its coverings, a mahogany table and cover, fender and fireirons, and other articles, of the value altogether of £8 13s., at the lowest valuation. These goods the broker sold, upon condemnation, to a person named Painter, of 29, Gibson-street, who had appraised them and bought them at the price of £1 19s., which, by a curious coincidence, was the exact sum which the broker charged for expenses and rent. The items were—rent, £1; levy, 3s.; man in possession, 12s. 6d.; stamp, 2s. 6d.; and appraisement, 1s. There had been no man in possession. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence on both sides, said this was one of the most scandalous acts of the many of the sort that had been brought before him, and ordered that the whole of the goods should be restored on payment of 10s., the sum actually due. He also granted a summons against the broker for overcharges.

## POLICE.

STREET MURDER AND ROBBERY IN MARYLEBONE.—APPREHENSION OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.—ARTHUR John Devine, aged twenty-one, was brought up on suspicion of causing the death of Joseph Duck on the 11th inst. Prisoner was also further charged on suspicion of stealing from deceased's pocket a watch and money, the amount unknown.

James Crawley, 229 D, said—About twelve o'clock last Thursday night I was on duty in Little Chesterfield-street. I saw prisoner standing with his back against the King's Head public-house in Woodstock-street. I went round my beat, and on returning near the spot I saw the prisoner again, exactly in the same position as before—that is, with his hands behind his back. Ten minutes after this I saw him in the same place again. Knowing him, I asked him where he was living and what he was doing now. He said he had no settled place of residence, but he expected to have something to do shortly. The next time I returned I saw the prisoner was not there and the public-house was closed. I went down Great Chesterfield-street, through Little Marylebone-street. As I got into Little Chesterfield-street, I saw a man lying down on the pavement. He was lying partly on his right side and on the footway. His hat was at his feet. Blood was flowing from his head. The right sleeve of his coat was saturated with blood. There was a quantity of blood on the pavement. I lifted him on his hands and asked him what was the matter, when he muttered something that I could not

understand. Another constable came to my assistance, and, with some difficulty, we took him to the station. When the deceased was at the station the divisional surgeon was sent for to dress the wounds on his head. He said, several times, "Let me have my property. I had two sovereigns."

George Weatherly, potman at the King's Head, said—On Thursday evening the prisoner came into the tap-room and said he was hard up, and had no work or money to pay for his lodging. He also said he had to walk the streets, as he had no money for lodgings for the last few nights. I asked him why he did not come to me, and I would have given him something. I got up a subscription for him, and Duck, who was in the tap-room, said he would not give anything, as he had got him a place which he would not keep. Afterwards the prisoner came back, and Duck said if he came to his place he would give him a lodging, only he had no bed to spare to place him on. Prisoner said that would do, for he had been used to sleeping on boards lately. He came in several times.

Arthur Dunham—I saw Duck go into the tap-room about five minutes to twelve. On Saturday I met the prisoner between eleven and twelve. I saw the prisoner in Stingo-lane. I asked where he was going to, and he said to get a clean shirt from his aunt for Sunday. I noticed that he had a different pair of boots on. He said he had "chopped" with another chap and gave him a shilling to boot. I asked him if he had heard of the murder of old Duck. He said "No," and he did not care about it, neither did he know anything about it.

Henry Harris, 5, Circus-street, said—Prisoner came to lodge at our place ten days ago. On Wednesday he had no money to pay for his lodging. He had also gone in debt for a night or two previously. On Friday he paid for one week's lodging in advance. Yesterday he said he had lost a sovereign, and asked me if I had found one in his bed. I asked him where he had got it from, and he said from a laundress in Woodstock-mews, who had given him 30s.

Mr. Yardley—Did he voluntarily tell you about the money? He said he asked me if I had seen the half sovereign. He paid two shillings last Friday morning for his next week's lodging. He did not mention the name of the laundress. On the two previous nights he had no money to pay for his lodging. The prisoner was generally in and out and hanging about by day and night. Last Saturday night the prisoner brought in some beer and then tossed for more.

Mary Kirby, an old Irishwoman, who gets her living by keeping a stall, said the prisoner assisted her to remove her goods last Wednesday. On the following night, about ten o'clock, she went into her room and saw the prisoner crouched under the table. He made a blow at her head with a stick when he spoke to her, but which she fortunately avoided, so far as her head was concerned, but which, however, slighted violently on her hand. She called him a rogue and screamed murder.

The prisoner was then remanded.

CAPTURE OF DOG STEALERS.—John Grey, alias Barrett, aged 46, of 6, Parker's-place, Somers-town, shoe-maker, and Edward Willmott, 19, of Golden-lane, St. Luke's, cane-splitter, were charged before Mr. Barker with unlawfully receiving the sum of £6, for the recovery of a dog, the property of Miss Phillips, of Chester-square; and Ellen Grey, the wife of the first prisoner, was charged with attempting to rescue John Grey from custody, and also with assaulting two police-constables in the execution of their duty.

On the 11th of last month Miss Phillips, on her return home, said she had lost a Skye terrier; and on that day bills were posted offering a reward of £2 for the animal. On the following Saturday bills were printed offering a reward of £5. On the 24th a man came to the house, and from what he said the butler went to a public-house in the neighbourhood of Bunhill-row, and Grey produced the dog and said, "Now, Sir, your money." When Grey came in with the dog, the man who went to Chester-square said, "Here he is;" and Grey took up a £5 note and a sovereign which the butler put down and he took up the dog and went away.

Butcher, 137 C, said that he went to the residence of the prisoner Grey, and when the door was opened the female, addressing him, said, "It is you, you villain;" and Grey then came out. Whilst the house was being searched the male prisoner Grey rushed to the door, but he was caught; and then the female took hold of him (Butcher), and said, striking him in the eyes, "You wretch, you shall not take him."

Dawson, 301 A, said he was stationed at the back of the house adjoining that of the prisoners Grey. When Butcher knocked at the door the two Greys came out and put three dogs over the partition close to his (witness's) feet. The male prisoner then called out, "Where is the greyhound?" and, seeing witness, said, "Hollo! who is there?" and then went into the house. In addition to the three dogs the prisoner threw over the wall, he found in the house three other dogs. He afterwards proceeded to the house of the other prisoner and found two other valuable dogs.

Mr. Howie, superintendent of the K division, a led for a remand, as he should be able to produce evidence against the three prisoners. He had no doubt all the dogs were stolen.

Mr. Barker remanded the prisoners for a week, and fined the woman £3, or a month.

THREATENING TO MURDER.—Felix Jovenat, described as a merchant, of No. 4, Bateman's-buildings, Soho, was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt, by Trower, one of the warrant officers, charged on a warrant with threatening to kill Mr. Philip Rod, merchant, of Lisie-street, Soho.

Louise Calvez, servant at a French dining-rooms, 60, Wardour-street, said that on Monday evening the prisoner asked her to go into the dining-room and tell Mr. Rod that he wanted to speak to him, at the same time saying that if Mr. Rod asked who it was to say "Mr. Lorel." She told Mr. Rod, who immediately went into the yard, where the prisoner was, when the latter flew at him and seized him by the throat. She then ran to tell her mistress.

In answer to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the witness said that Mr. Rod had not spoken to the prisoner before he was attacked.

Mr. Rod, of 22, Lisie-street, said that, in consequence of a message brought to him by the late witness on Monday evening, he went into the yard, when the prisoner seized him by the throat, and, seeing the prisoner had a swordstick in his hand, he ran away and sought refuge in a cellar. He afterwards went into the dining-room, where there were about twenty gentlemen, and the prisoner came there and said, "Gentlemen, I have come to inform you that Mr. Rod is the greatest thief in the universe!" and "Before to-morrow I will kill you!" After staying in the house till twelve o'clock he (Mr. Rod) was enabled to leave the house, but he went in fear owing to the prisoner's violent threats.

Prisoner said he had been in partnership with Mr. Rod, that he had not been well treated, and that in the heat of the moment he did not know what he said.

Mr. Tyrwhitt ordered the prisoner to find bail for a month.

WHITECROSS-STREET AGAIN.—Sergeant Freeman, O division, applied to Mr. Yardley, saying—I took a prisoner last night to the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields, under one of your commitments for arrears, and the governor refused to receive him.

Mr. Yardley—I cannot help that. I have no power over the governor. Really I don't know where to send prisoners to. I am not aware whether they will receive them at Newgate.

Mr. Tate (clerk)—The Act says they must be sent to a common gaol or house of correction.

Mr. Yardley—I am at a loss to know what to do. The matter will be decided, I suppose, by the Court of Queen's Bench. However, I cannot keep prisoners here. In fact, I should be acting illegally, as this is not a common gaol or house of correction.

Freeman—I set the man at liberty, as I could not keep him in my van.

Mr. Yardley—I am glad to hear you did so. It really is a very serious thing. It is liberty for criminals. As the matter stands now it is a perfect farce. I am glad that this does not apply to any very serious crimes. There is only a very small class of cases affected by it—such as hackney-

carriage earnings, wages, and others which could be decided equally well in the County Court; but then, in doing so, there is extra expense incurred.

Freeman said that he thought he had better mention the matter to his Worship.

Mr. Yardley—Quite right; for publicity may have some effect in stopping the evil.

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE influx of the precious metals having been on an extensive scale—viz., nearly £1,500,000—the value of Home Securities has been Time, has been very moderate. Consols, for Transfer, have realised 91½; Ditto, for Account, 91½; 4½ per Cent. Consols, 89½; 3 per Cent. Consols, 88½; 2½ per Cent. Consols, 87½; 1½ per Cent. Consols, 86½; 1 per Cent. Consols, 85½; ½ per Cent. Consols, 84½; ¼ per Cent. Consols, 83½; 1/8 per Cent. Consols, 82½; 1/16 per Cent. Consols, 81½; 1/32 per Cent. Consols, 80½; 1/64 per Cent. Consols, 79½; 1/128 per Cent. Consols, 78½; 1/256 per Cent. Consols, 77½; 1/512 per Cent. Consols, 76½; 1/1024 per Cent. Consols, 75½; 1/2048 per Cent. Consols, 74½; 1/4096 per Cent. Consols, 73½; 1/8192 per Cent. Consols, 72½; 1/16384 per Cent. Consols, 71½; 1/32768 per Cent. Consols, 70½; 1/65536 per Cent. Consols, 69½; 1/131072 per Cent. Consols, 68½; 1/262144 per Cent. Consols, 67½; 1/524288 per Cent. Consols, 66½; 1/1048576 per Cent. Consols, 65½; 1/2097152 per Cent. Consols, 64½; 1/4194304 per Cent. Consols, 63½; 1/8388608 per Cent. Consols, 62½; 1/16777216 per Cent. Consols, 61½; 1/33554432 per Cent. Consols, 60½; 1/67108864 per Cent. Consols, 59½; 1/134217728 per Cent. Consols, 58½; 1/268435456 per Cent. Consols, 57½; 1/536870912 per Cent. Consols, 56½; 1/1073741824 per Cent. Consols, 55½; 1/2147483648 per Cent. Consols, 54½; 1/4294967296 per Cent. Consols, 53½; 1/8589934592 per Cent. Consols, 52½; 1/17179869184 per Cent. Consols, 51½; 1/34359738368 per Cent. Consols, 50½; 1/68719476736 per Cent. Consols, 49½; 1/137438953472 per Cent. Consols, 48½; 1/274877906944 per Cent. Consols, 47½; 1/549755813888 per Cent. Consols, 46½; 1/1099511627776 per Cent. Consols, 45½; 1/2199023255552 per Cent. Consols, 44½; 1/4398046511104 per Cent. Consols, 43½; 1/8796093022208 per Cent. Consols, 42½; 1/17592186044416 per Cent. Consols, 41½; 1/35184372088832 per Cent. Consols, 40½; 1/70368744177664 per Cent. Consols, 39½; 1/140737488355328 per Cent. Consols, 38½; 1/281474976710656 per Cent. Consols, 37½; 1/562949953421312 per Cent. Consols, 36½; 1/1125899906842624 per Cent. Consols, 35½; 1/2251799813685248 per Cent. Consols, 34½; 1/4503599627370496 per Cent. Consols, 33½; 1/9007199254740992 per Cent. Consols, 32½; 1/18014398509481984 per Cent. Consols, 31½; 1/36028797018963968 per Cent. Consols, 30½; 1/72057594037927936 per Cent. Consols, 29½; 1/144115188075855872 per Cent. Consols, 28½; 1/288230376151711744 per Cent. Consols, 27½; 1/576460752303423488 per Cent. Consols, 26½; 1/1152921504606846976 per Cent. Consols, 25½; 1/2305843009213693952 per Cent. Consols, 24½; 1/4611686018427387904 per Cent. Consols, 23½; 1/9223372036854775808 per Cent. Consols, 22½; 1/18446744073709551616 per Cent. Consols, 21½; 1/36893488147419103232 per Cent. Consols, 20½; 1/73786976294838206464 per Cent. Consols, 19½; 1/147573952589676412928 per Cent. Consols, 18½; 1/295147905179352825856 per Cent. Consols, 17½; 1/590295810358705651712 per Cent. 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The men no charter to refuse — Chaucer.  
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